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Events of the Week.

THE second week of the general war has seen it extended far beyond the original combatants. Britain and France are now formally at war with Austria, Japan evidently desires to join her ally, and in Togoland the first blow has been struck at Germany's colonies. The nations of the Balkans are once more on a war-footing, and Turkey, Roumania, and Bulgaria are all watching their opportunity, and the neutrality of Holland is less assured than it was. Russia has developed a surprising unanimity, and even the Poles have been rewarded for the loyalty which they are expected to display by the grant of the right to use their own language. In Germany, though the Socialists voted the war-credit, it is rumored that Dr. Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg have been court-martialled and shot. The chief military news is that both France and Germany have completed their concentration, and the great masses are now within striking distance of each other. Liège, after a gallant resistance, has fallen, though some of her forts still hold out. Germany, under a strict time-limit, has not succeeded in delivering her rapid and massive blow. Not to succeed against France in the first stage of the war is for Germany, with Russia in her rear, to fail.

THE grand outlines of the German plan of campaign are at length fairly clear. The concentration of her vast forces is all but complete, and we are nearing the moment of the decisive struggle in the West. The objective on which the German armies are advancing is the long line of the River Meuse, between the Belgian fortress of Namur and the French fortress of Verdun. The German armies are concentrating not in the familiar and well-organized home territory of Alsace-Lorraine, but North of Metz. The German Left must march from Thionville towards Longwy, and the Centre through the Duchy of Luxem-

burg and the difficult and sparsely peopled hill-country of the Belgian Ardennes. The advanced Right-centre was already at Rochefort and Bastogne in the Ardennes country last Monday, from twenty to forty miles from the French frontier. The Right of this immense westward migration is the force which has been delayed before Liège. Its task is presumably to effect a great flanking movement through central Belgium, and to envelop from the North the main French army which has presumably formed along the line of the Meuse. Seventeen corps, or over a million men, may be available for the whole system of movements against France.

THE out-flanking movement through Belgium was the first part of the plan to be developed. It was delayed for a week by the gallant resistance of Liège, and the consequence of this delay must be that when the whole right wing is ready to attempt its advance in force towards Brussels, it will find the Allies in adequate numbers, and in chosen positions. The feat of General Leman at Liège is not merely a spirited assertion of Belgian manhood, which has raised the fighting spirit of a whole nation to a superb display of disciplined courage; it is also an achievement which must have disorganized the whole German plan. The German attack began on Monday night, August 3rd, and was pressed, with reckless disregard for life, against the forts and the connecting trenches on the three following days. On Thursday night, General von Emmich forced his way into the town through a gap in the encircling forts. The mobile Belgian force was withdrawn, but the forts, or at all events, the larger of them, were not taken, and still hold out. On Friday morning, the 7th, the Germans asked for an armistice, which the Belgians refused. The fall of Liège was far from securing the Germans in the position required for their advance, for the forts still command the main roads and railways of the Meuse valley. The Belgians claim that the German losses at Liège amounted to 25,000 men.

How large a force is still engaged in investing the Liège forts we do not certainly know. On Sunday an attack was repulsed on the forts of Seraing, above Liège. But German cavalry took Tongres on Sunday; a flying column of all arms seized the important station of Landen on Tuesday, and large forces of Belgian and German cavalry have been engaged near Tirlemont. On Wednesday and Thursday the advanced Belgian post repulsed some 5,000 cavalymen advancing through Haelen on the main road to Antwerp. There was also a fortunate skirmish at Eghezée, ten miles North of Namur. These movements suggest that some part of the German forces may be advancing North of the Meuse against the main Belgian field army (strengthened presumably by allied contingents), with its headquarters at Louvain, in front of unfortified Brussels. It has not yet got its infantry over the Meuse. But, on the other hand, we are told that the invaders are entrenching themselves South of the Meuse, along its tributary, the Ourthe. It is well to treat with reserve the stories of German discouragement and disorganization. But certainly the commissariat has worked badly, and in some parts of the field

men have been two days without food. The German cavalry scouts surrender readily, and the Belgians held, on last Monday, as many as 8,000 German prisoners.

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AFTER the defence of Liège the event of the greatest sentimental interest has been a dashing reconnaissance by a French brigade from Belfort into Lower Alsace. It took the little town of Altkirch on Friday night of last week, and by Saturday afternoon it was at Mülhausen. This big industrial town, intensely French in sentiment, received the invaders with rapture, and in Paris the news that the recovery of the lost provinces had actually begun meant more than a victory. But the Germans, with an Austrian corps near them, were in superior numbers at the fort of Neu Breisach, and on Sunday night the French commander had to withdraw from the town. French accounts leave him entrenched outside it. The German version speaks of the capture of five hundred prisoners, and declares that German soil has been entirely cleared of the invaders. There was apparently some serious fighting at the pass of Col Ste. Marie on the Lorraine frontier, and a German advance from Metz or Thionville was repulsed after a heavy artillery duel at Spincourt, north of Verdun. A regiment of German dragoons was cut up. In the Vosges a whole German reserve division has surrendered.

* * *

At sea, apart from the sinking of a German submarine by a shot from the cruiser "Birmingham" in the North Sea, the only known event of any interest has been the escape of the great battle-cruiser "Göben" and her little consort, "Breslau." After bombarding two towns on the Algerian coast they ran into Messina, expecting, perhaps, to find Italy at war. There they could stay only for the conventional twenty-four hours. It is not explained how the British and French vessels which were in pursuit managed to miss them in these narrow straits. They are swift ships, and by good luck and good seamanship they reached the Dardanelles safely, so little embarrassed by the pursuit that they had time to search merchantmen for contraband on the way. When the experts expected that they must now be interned and dismantled, it was announced that they had been sold to Turkey to replace the two Turkish Dreadnoughts, nearing completion in British yards, which our Admiralty commandeered on the outbreak of war. This transfer seems to be of very doubtful validity. The Declaration of London forbids it in the case of merchant vessels when it is obviously done to avoid capture, and this ought to apply *a fortiori* to warships.

* * *

ANYTHING may happen in the Balkans. Roumania began to mobilize early last week. Bulgaria has taken at least the preparatory steps for mobilization, and has voted a war credit. Both are provisionally neutral, and both may strike if events are tempting. Roumania covets territory from both Russia and Austria. Bulgaria awaits her chance of recovering Macedonia. It is said that the Central Powers are bidding for their support, offering ample territorial gains by way of hire for their armies. Turkey is also partly mobilized, and rumor credits her with the intention of marching with Bulgarian connivance against the Greeks. Russia, on the other hand, is making efforts to restrain Bulgaria, and the Tsar, in a letter to King Ferdinand, has promised him compensation for his neutrality. It is also said that half-a-million Russians have been mobilized against Roumania, and as many against Asiatic Turkey. If Serbia should win Bosnia, she could afford to surrender Macedonia.

On Tuesday France declared war upon Austria, and this country followed with a declaration which dated from Wednesday night. This was inevitable when it became known that at least one Austrian army corps is acting with the Germans in Alsace, whither it has gone to replace the Italian troops which should have operated in this region. The meaning of our declaration is primarily that our fleet and the French will now attack the Austrian fleet in the Adriatic, if it can bring it to battle. If Serbia is really invading Bosnia in earnest, her plans ought to be materially aided by the fact that the Triple Entente is likely soon to be in command of the Adriatic coast.

* * *

GERMANY'S colonies are all in imminent danger, and while we hold command of the seas, their fate is hardly doubtful. On Monday came the news that Togoland, with its tiny white population of 300 men, had been taken by a combined Franco-British force without resistance. German South-West Africa is expecting an attack from the Cape, and its port of Swakopmund has been evacuated. Japan has evidently marked down Kiau-Chau as her own share of the booty. Though it is not yet admitted that she has declared war on Germany, two squadrons of her fleet have put to sea, under Admiral Deva.

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THE Government have taken a most important step for restoring the machinery of credit. They have guaranteed the Bank of England against any loss it may incur in the discounting of bills of exchange accepted before August 4th. This measure will enable the accepting houses to resume their activities. The loss of remittances from abroad due to the outbreak of war left these houses with overwhelming liabilities. The moratorium saved them from immediate disaster, but left them powerless to do business. This new measure puts them once again into working order, and it should have a great strengthening effect on trade.

* * *

MEANWHILE, measures for organizing employment are in progress. The Government have appointed advisory committees to help the Central Committee by drawing up plans for dealing with agricultural affairs, town questions, and London. These Committees are in some respects well-chosen, but there are some conspicuous omissions. For example, there are scarcely any women on the Committees, and trade unionists and working men's organizations are also almost unrepresented. It is understood that the Development Commission have a number of schemes in readiness, and that a great deal of work will soon be undertaken. At present, there is a large body of unemployment among miners in Northumberland and among clerks. The unemployed clerks can obviously be drafted into the Labor Exchanges and into Government Departments. Overtime ought to be forbidden. It looks as if our organizations are still in a very imperfect and undeveloped condition when we read that the farmers in Cheshire cannot get their harvest in for want of labor.

* * *

LORD KNUTSFORD writes to the "Times" to suggest that game should not be regarded as an addition to the diet of the rich, but that it should be treated as national food. This is obviously the right view. Arrangements should be made for treating all game as public property. In an emergency like this, it is no hardship to appropriate private property in this luxurious form. Property in such cases should be used by those who can use it best.

for the community, and all game should be commandeered for the hospitals. Mr. Brown raises an important point in connection with the food supply of the country, when he presses for the destruction of foxes. As Mr. Hall, the Development Commissioner, put it in his "Pilgrimage to British Farming," we sacrifice a good deal of our food to sport, and such a sacrifice, great as it is in times of peace, is obviously suicidal in time of war.

* * *

WE have before us, by the courtesy of Mr. Dudley Ward, one of the few copies, perhaps the only copy which reached London, of the German official "Denkschrift" laid before the Reichstag. It does not mention Belgium, and it entirely ignores the fact that Great Britain is involved in the war. These omissions diminish its interest, but they are a significant reminder that this war is for Germans a Russo-German war. On the other hand, the "Denkschrift" is what our White Paper is not, a reasoned historical memorial on the causes of the war. It opens with a statement of Austria's case against Serbia. It has been said by German diplomatists (and duly doubted by others) that they were not privy to the Austrian note to Serbia. The fact is, as this memorandum states, that Germany was from the first consulted by her ally, that she sanctioned Austrian policy, but left to Count Berchtold the detailed choice of means. "Austria," we read, "was driven to the conclusion that it was incompatible with her continued existence to look on at what was going on across the frontier. . . . We wholeheartedly assured our ally of our agreement with their view. . . . We were here fully aware that any kind of warlike procedure against Serbia would bring in Russia, and might therefore involve us in war." This is frank, and it is a singular opening to a case which aims at proving that Germany is engaged in a defensive war.

* * *

THE memorandum does, however, give an impressive statement of the facts which brought Austria to the conclusion that she must take drastic action. There is nothing fresh for us in the evidence regarding Servian plots. In the matter of plots and murders it would be hard to libel Servians, and the truth, if not precisely this, is something like it. What is much more important is the bold but general statement of this memorandum, that Russia itself stood actively behind the whole great Servian agitation, and was engaged in a great diplomatic adventure against Austria.

"Russian statesmen planned the rise of a new Balkan League under Russian protection, a league which was aimed, not at Turkey—now vanished from the Balkans—but against the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The idea was that Serbia should be compensated for the cession of its Macedonian acquisitions to Bulgaria by receiving Bosnia and Herzegovina at Austria-Hungary's expense."

This is a statement made officially in the Kaiser's name to the Reichstag. The official German *casus belli* was broadly that, under the machinations of the late M. de Hartwig, Serbia had become the tool of a Russian policy which aimed at the dismemberment of Austria.

* * *

AFTER this introduction the memorandum goes on to an argument designed to fasten on Russia the responsibility for the actual outbreak of war. The German case is in a sentence that up to Friday, July 31st, the resources of diplomacy were not exhausted, and that the Russian general mobilization made war inevitable. We cannot discover, either from the British

or from the German document, that in the early stages of this terribly rapid crisis, Germany took any effective step, or any step whatever, for peace. But her mood did change, and the reason is quite clear. On Wednesday morning Sir Edward Grey told the German Ambassador, in plain but friendly terms, that he must not be "misled into thinking that we should stand aside." The result was that "immediately on receipt" of the first of these messages from London, Germany told Austria that she must resume her interrupted conversations with Russia. She did so, and she so far climbed down as to discuss the substance of her ultimatum to Serbia. There was for a moment some chance of a diplomatic settlement.

* * *

WE need not recite the facts in full as this document gives them. The German case is, in a word, that Russia lied. General Sukhomlinoff had given his word of honor on Monday, the 27th, that no reservist had yet been called out, and no horse commandeered. But none the less the German military attaché reported, rightly or wrongly, that "news of Russian mobilization came thick and fast." The fact is, that every Power was preparing for war. It is true that Germany could not afford to wait indefinitely while Russia slowly accumulated her overwhelming numbers. It is equally true that she might safely have waited for several days. She frustrated Sir Edward Grey while he was only a mediator; she paid heed to him only when she saw in him an eventual belligerent. In plain words, she would have made no effort to avert a Russo-German war, if only we would have consented to stand aside on terms. That is, to us, the damning fact against Germany.

* * *

To whatever developments this war may lead, it must be fought out by the Triple Entente with a scrupulous regard for international law. That is the sufficient answer to the deplorable proposal of Mr. Bowles, in a letter to the "Times," that we should tear up the Declaration of Paris and begin to search for German merchandise on neutral ships. Apart from the question of international morality, it would be a gross political folly on our part to make our cause detestable to neutrals by such conduct. The first consequence would probably be to drive the Dutch from their rather delicately poised neutrality. They have now called up their Landsturm, by way of completing their mobilization. Their habitual sympathies are not with the Belgians or with us, and some foolish controversies have already begun over the navigation of the Scheldt and the flight of German fugitives into Limburg.

* * *

MR. McKenna announced on Tuesday that he had rather tardily decided to follow the precedent set by the Kaiser. He has released all his political prisoners, both suffragists and strikers. The latest development of forcible feeding, particularly in Scottish prisons, had become extremely horrible. It must never begin again, and the militants, we hope, will realize that a wholly new political situation will come with peace. A truce imposed by the war may allow the past irritations to subside. The Constitutional Suffragists are meanwhile, by a fine inspiration, using the enforced lull in all political controversies to devote themselves to national service. They made their effort for peace on the eve of the war. They are now turning their whole elaborate organization, with its 500 local societies, to the relief of the distress caused by the war.

Politics and Affairs.

WHY BRITAIN IS RIGHT.

A WAR in which the national safety and the comity of Europe are equally involved cannot, as every critic of the Government has admitted, be treated as other than a call to unreserved service in our country's behalf. On that ground we stand united, that is to say, when the whisper of faction in Ulster has died away. No such union is recorded in British history, and it was never realized in face of the moral and economic complications of the Napoleonic wars. But there is one question which has been put to himself by every man accustomed to live, so far as men can live, by the law and the habit of rational thinking, and that is: Ought we to have gone in? We will utter at once the single reserve in our minds, and have done with it. We think that the Government should have taken the nation into its confidence, and told it and Europe frankly how we stood with France as well as with Belgium. That course, like all simple and confident dealing between men, would have possessed immense advantages. Germany would have known from the first what our position was, and the strength of the national feeling behind it. She might not then have played with us, as she tried to play with Sir Edward Grey. We admit there were contrary reasons. Those who reckoned with the extreme danger of the doctrine of the Balance of Power, and knew what a seed of strife lay in that fatal womb, could not have heard such an announcement without grave doubt and profound emotion. But if the whole European situation, with its underlying perils, had been frankly and fully revealed to us, we should all have been brought to a deeply serious reflection, out of which a solution might have come. Therefore, we still think that the nation, whose back is now willingly bowed to bear the burden of European war, had a right to know, and that it should have been told. There, however, our reserves cease. The Balance of Power is gone for ever, and the habit of secret diplomacy cannot survive the movement towards political responsibility on the part of the men and women of Europe.

There, however, our reserves cease. Nothing can shut out from view the magnitude of the moral loss which Europe has sustained from the moment when the natural and spontaneously affectionate relationship between men of all nations gave way to a barrier of artificial attractions and repulsions against which the highest hopes for mankind beat themselves in vain. But we cannot, with the knowledge at our disposal, reject the hypothesis that in the path of this ideal lay a force so unintelligent and so confident in its own strength as to resist with proud self-sufficiency all attempts to convert it into an instrument of human policy for Europe. That force was German militarism. What efforts did Sir Edward Grey spare in order to conciliate and divert its immense power for the injury of mankind? None that we can think of. This usually reserved and somewhat unimaginative man showed himself impulsive, resourceful, indefatigable in his quest of peace. He acted, no doubt, as a semi-free member of the *Entente*. But he went well beyond the limits of any

artificial or treaty-made obligations; so much so as to leave in these tragic pages the one definite impression that one gathers of a heart and mind responsive to human feeling rather than to conventional codes of honor. He threw aside the *Entente*, offering instead a friendly association of four Powers, in which both the European groups were equally represented. Moreover, he attained two marked successes, of which, merely on grounds of prudence, Germany should have taken full account. He secured the virtual co-operation of Italy, and he pressed Russia with success to offer Austria a victory of arms and prestige if, in return, she would agree to leave Servia a sovereign Power.

At this point there rested with Germany, or ought to have rested, the power to stay Austria's blundering hand. One searches the pages of the White Paper in vain to discern one such attempt on her part, one fact corresponding to the verbal assurances of the German Chancellor that German pressure on the Ballplatz was of a moderating character, or that it had a moderating effect. The Austro-Servian dispute was treated, throughout the episodes of the Servian humiliation and the excitement in Russia, as a matter of which Austria was the commanding judge, and no reference to any other court of opinion was entertained. Allowance must be made for the character and method, as well as the purpose, of diplomacy. Sir Edward Grey's language was that of a mediator, not of an ally of France, still less of an associate of Russia. It seems to us that he endeavored to put himself outside the diplomatic mood, and to obtain a consideration of the desperately serious human factors of the situation. How far he went may be judged by his hint to the Austrian Ambassador that a European war might well be followed by the popular risings of 1848. Such a suggestion applied equally to Romanoffs, to Hohenzollerns, and to Hapsburgs. It was a proper warning to come from the Minister of Britain. And it was not the word of a man either of the sword or of the Foreign Office.

But we must in fairness turn to the second chapter of the White Paper, which, say the few critics of the Government, tells a different tale. For peace, they admit, Sir Edward Grey spared no effort, though, they contend, the struggle was hopeless, and the nature of our obligations to the *Entente* ordained it to failure. We will pause to say that we see small reason in the Paper to suppose that our effort to secure peace failed of its effect with Germany because of our undefined or partially defined relationship to the *Entente*. Throughout Germany professed no interest that could be called European. She regarded the matter as Austria's concern and hers, and reasonable men must conclude that her calculation corresponded to her own unshaken belief in the superior material and moral force of the Alliance. Peace therefore had failed. Europe was destined to an enormous and enervating struggle. The aims of our diplomacy must therefore be reduced. How could we look on the German Government's hard indifference to the fate of millions of hapless innocent men with other than disfavor and distrust? It is true that from this point—when Austria pushed aside Servia's surrender, and Germany offered her a supporting front of

steel against the British guarantee of a victory for Austrian diplomacy—Germany's attitude changed. Obviously she wished to secure our neutrality. And it is fair to say that she acted with a certain obtuse frankness. Virtually she said to us: "If we win we will allow France to remain a materially intact European Power (her moral independence must, of course, have disappeared), but her colonies must be prizes of war. As for Belgium, you must allow us, on grounds of military necessity, to break away from our guarantee of neutrality. A post-war guarantee of her sovereignty we are willing to give." On this we have two remarks to make. The defeat of Belgium must have destroyed the second German engagement. Military necessity was alleged as the ground of the original violation of her territory. It must also have decreed the same defensive scheme as was alleged in 1871 to excuse the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. All that Britain could directly envisage was (a) the tearing up of the guaranteeing treaties to which she was a party, the forcible invasion of Belgium, the slaughter of her army, and the shooting by hundreds of her civilians; (b) the second and final humiliation of France, and her withdrawal from the circle of Great Powers; and (c) the definite preponderance in Europe of the counsels and spirit of Prussian militarism.

This was the price. We will put only one question. Supposing Sir Edward Grey had promised to pay it, would this country have agreed to back the bill through the incidents of misery and humiliation which its redemption must have entailed? It may be said that Germany finally enlarged her offer, and that she hinted, through Prince Lichnowsky, that the integrity of European and extra-European France might be respected, and that, asking us to define the conditions of our neutrality, he inquired whether a pledge not to violate Belgian territory would satisfy them. What engagement was there here? What power had Prince Lichnowsky, in himself an admirable and peace-loving man, to enforce it? Did it go farther than an invitation to Britain to show her hand on the chance that Germany might retort with something of equivalent value? The equivalent for which Sir Edward asked in this interview was whether Germany would give the same assurance with regard to Belgian neutrality as had been given by France. To this no reply was given. But it was the crucial question.

We have concluded our brief analysis, and we will make its moral as direct as we can. This is a war of diplomatists, not of peoples. For that reason, the Governments who have blundered owe them the least possible amount of moral suffering and wrong as an addition to the unimaginable weight of their physical distresses. We can and we will have no such diplomatic system as that which pitifully slipped into this war of nations. Neither can we have any such Europe as that which by the war of 1870 prepared for the war of 1915. The very word *revanche* should appropriately be buried in an almost passionless war. To secure that end, as well as to maintain the rights of free national action and life, we look, above all, to our own Government, and what we breathe as an aspiration to-day, the whole nation will utter as a command to-morrow.

UTOPIA OR HELL?

For all of us, as we watch this war, there is a foreground of fact and a background that is vaguely compounded of hopes and fears, previsions and resolves. The soldier in the field may think only of crossing the river or taking the fort before him; the citizen at home may live in the narrow columns of his newspaper. But the least trained observer, the least reflective item in these vast armed crowds, asks his question of the future. When the wounded have limped out of hospital, when the prisoners have filed home, what sort of Europe is it that will await them? A modern Lucian might amuse himself by setting out in parallel columns the pathetic confusion of contradictory prayers that are neutralizing each other in Lutheran and Catholic, in Anglican and Orthodox formule. But in the minds of all civilized men there is, we venture to say, one prayer repeated in many tongues, and one resolve that unites the armies and the spectators, "It must never happen again." If none of us went farther than that, the problem would be simple. Unluckily we have all our vague notions of how the dream is to be realized. The more simple-minded of Russians and Germans, from the ranks up to the Court, dream of Kaiser or Tsar dictating a lasting peace to mankind beneath his Eagles. The Socialists, and there are millions of them in the field, bewildered by the rush of events which has dissipated their dream of solidarity, may look to revolution for the cure of war. The Englishman thinks—though we are happy to believe that our public opinion is singularly steady, moderate, and well-balanced—that all will be well if the Kaiser's fleet is destroyed; and the Frenchman sees the key to the future in the recovery of the lost provinces. If the end finds the thinkers of Europe no nearer an agreement, it may bring with it the general frustration of the general will. "It must never happen again," is a salutary motto. But it will happen again and yet again, unless the civilian mind has imposed itself upon the straightforward pugnacity of the soldier. It cannot happen again without the ruin of civilization, but even that is no guarantee. Civilization has been submerged before. The wars of religion are a memory to warn us. The Napoleonic struggle lasted for twenty years. The Balkans are now plunging into the third war in two years. With intervals of a half-peace the struggle might be prolonged until the whole Continent had sunk to the Balkan level. It is well that we should all repeat, when we turn in prayer to the troubled East, "It never shall happen again," but it is more important still to be clear about the ways and the means.

This problem will be solved by no petty or timid remedy. We must cast from us once for all the fear of being "Utopian." We have to choose between Utopia and Hell. The old Europe of separate peoples and local hegemonies is gone for ever. Sir Edward Grey has ended once for all our own dream of isolation. The Franco-Russian Alliance broke down the old distinction of East and West. The moral of this war is that henceforward any war must be a general war. Outside the Balkans there can be no more "localized" conflicts, and even there we have probably seen the last of them. When a continent has reached this stage of its evolution, it must go forward without flinching, and the longer it hesitates

to see the remedy, the more surely does it court the destruction of its own primacy in civilization. The problem is not whether mankind is yet advanced enough to abolish war by a sheer effort of moral enlightenment. It is rather when it dare make a continent habitable. Mr. Norman Angell has pointed out that mankind did reach a stage of civilization at which it made an end of wars of religion. Our problem is to make an end of wars for the Balance of Power. There is a partial parallel to our task. It is the American war of North and South. That was not at bottom a war to abolish slavery. It was a war to affirm and establish the unity of a continent. Its real issue was to set limits to the anti-social independence of States too loosely federated. This war began because Austria claimed her right as a sovereign State to do as she pleased with Servia. It became inevitable because Germany blindly backed her in that claim. It must end, as the American Civil War ended, in the recognition that there are rights and duties which belong to the whole system of States, that no Power may safely defy the general will, that Powers cannot without the risk of a general ruin combine in partial groups, that the only tolerable Alliance must be as wide as Europe itself. It must end, in a word, with the creation of a Concert.

Europe has lived through this phase before. It was after the Napoleonic wars that the Tsar Alexander dreamed of founding a European Concert, and succeeded only in creating the Holy Alliance. The task of our generation is to bring something better out of our universal war. We cannot afford to let history run in Stoic cycles, in which each century repeats the failure of the last, and worlds are burned and created by a fated alternation. This time we must know what we mean by a Concert, and achieve it. The Holy Alliance failed to keep the general peace, for several clear reasons. Castlereagh and Canning, in the first place, thought of British intervention in Continental affairs only as the exception to an habitual isolation. They would step in during a universal blaze to help to put out the fire, but they would not organize a standing fire-brigade. The Tsar wanted a Concert mainly to repress revolutions, and dreamed of marching into Spain for that purpose, as his successor marched into Hungary. In the third place, the Concert failed because its first conception was that it was a combination directed against France. Not all the subtlety of Talleyrand succeeded in forcing the allies to admit her as an equal partner. We may learn our lesson from these three causes of failure. This country must be definitely inside or definitely outside the system, and that is as good as saying that it must be inside. There must be no thought, under any circumstances, of intervening in the purely national concerns of any fully civilized State, either to buttress tottering thrones, or to impose Liberal constitutions by force. There must, finally (and this is the main condition of success), be no attempt to exclude any one of the Powers now at war from the European family.

It is over this last condition that the struggle will come, not between one State and another or one party and another, but between men who think in years and men who think in generations. This war may end in three ways—in a victory for Germany, in a victory for

the Triple Entente, or in some stalemate with "honors (and horrors) even." The first possibility we will not discuss, not because we are so vainglorious as to dismiss it, but because, if it happened, this country would have only a minor influence in the settlement. The temptation in the second event would be to take short views. We should be told that the danger to the world's liberties was removed, that peace had been secured "in our time," that the aggressor had been humbled and punished. There are four good answers to that reasoning. In the first place, history shows that a really virile people, in spite of loss of territory and heavy indemnities, may recover its military power. When we say "it must never happen again," we do not mean that mankind can stand ruin once again after another forty-four years. In the second place, the effort of the beaten Power to recover its position, though it might not mean another war in five or ten years, would certainly mean, and that at once, the return to all the burdens and alarms of the armed peace. In the third place, this beaten Power, after discovering that one set of alliances had failed it, would straightway begin to spin another. Among six Powers there are several possible combinations of three. Finally, we may have to realize that there is more than one great military Empire in Europe. A Russian hegemony would be an even graver menace to European liberties than the German supremacy which is almost certainly ended for ever.

The future turns mainly on the readiness of all to abstain from crushing and humiliating any. Every territorial change will mean that some nation is left brooding over its lost provinces, and to strip a Power of its colonies, though it may not in reality leave it poorer, is to set it arming and scheming to win new "places in the sun." The "infamous proposal" revealed the working of the German mind, which is simply the average Imperialist mind. As surely as we leave a sense of grievance behind, so certainly will the Prussian governing class set to work by arms and diplomacy to readjust the Balance of Power once more in their favor, with the idea of winning colonies. It would be no less futile to attempt to impose on the beaten Powers any one-sided limitation of armaments. There are ways of evading such limitations, and Prussia has tried them before. A limitation of armaments we hope there will be, and a drastic one at that, but it must be universal and it must be voluntary. But the chief condition of success in the creation of a Concert is that the system of Alliances, as we now know it, should be for ever abandoned. To the altar of Continental unity, at the Congress which ends this war, every nation ought to bring every bond and every treaty which compels it to make war at the heels of another. Rousseau and his school thought that any association of citizens was a treason to the State. That idea has a meaning in the larger life of the world. Every association of States is a treason to the idea that the will of neutrals should compose the feuds and check the egoism of particular Powers. The thing may be done in several ways. A mutual defensive guarantee from all to each would be one method. Sir Edward Grey's "Utopian" proposal of a collective guarantee against aggression from the Triple Entente to the Triple Alliance

is another method. By one means or another the system which compels Britons, Frenchmen, and Belgians to fight the Germans on the Meuse, because the Austrians wanted to throw shells at the Servians across the Save must be ended for ever. The only road out of this Inferno is the road which leads to a permanent and formal Concert, organized to settle the common affairs of Europe by a Standing Federal Council.

THE NATION'S STATE OF MIND.

It seems generally agreed to describe the state of mind in which our nation has entered the struggle as one of cool and calm determination. If this means that there prevails a general desire to keep our heads and to act orderly and effectively, it is a true account. It is fortunate that this war has opened without that long preliminary period of inflammation which preceded the Boer war. There has been no gathering storm of passion. The distrust, suspicion, and active animosity evoked by the Protectionist campaign and the rivalry in ship-building, the brief heat of the Agadir crisis, had died down during the last two years. The danger of a sudden European conflagration, which more than once flickered up during the Balkan struggle, never really stirred our national apprehension. Even when the trouble about Servia boded war between Austria and Russia, our ignorance of the larger implications kept us calm. We had scarcely forty-eight hours to prepare for the actual event. Its magnitude and its immediate subversion of all the ordinary activities and processes of business and politics brought a first state of excited bewilderment with hardly a trace of war fever in it. Even the appeals of newspapers and politicians on the violation of Belgium roused no such anger and hatred against Germany as were evoked against the Boer Republic by the long Press campaign of grievances and outrages during the summer of 1899. While, then, our people have generally accepted the case for the justness and necessity of the war, and hold that Germany has forced it on us, they enter it without passion. Other considerations help us to keep our heads. The concentration of early attention upon a land campaign, in which our part is necessarily secondary, and the admirable secrecy of all naval movements, have in these early days furnished little food for the national war passion.

But it would be a mistake to ignore the intensity of feeling which is gathering, because it has not yet caught up the swift current of events, and it is not yet, as it were, mobilized. The comparative calm is, of course, proving of immense service in that task of internal organization of resources—military, financial, industrial, and philanthropic, upon which the nation is now engaged. But among the various provisions we are making against emergencies, it would be foolish to neglect provision against a sudden precipitation of popular passion into such scenes of brutality and disorder as have broken out in one or two Continental centres, and are liable to occur in all great cities during the strain of such a struggle. We do not here mean food riots and the attendant mob violence to which any community may be exposed

during the industrial distress which every war must cause. We do not apprehend any early dangers of this sort with which the measures of public order in present preparation will not be adequate to cope. It is the psychology of war-passion, not in the combatants, but in the obsessed and absorbed spectators, that needs most careful watching, lest a sudden collapse of intelligence and *morale* should plunge our people into a debauch of reckless, unreasoning brutality of feeling and conduct which will impair, perhaps ruin, those resources of clear judgment and effective co-operation upon which the successful conduct of such a struggle as that on which our national safety hangs must in the long run chiefly depend. The symptoms of this terrible disease are well known, the coining of violent language into blind hate and suspicion, the alternation of vainglory and profound dejection, a credulity so intense as to produce an automatic acceptance of every statement favorable to our side and every statement damaging to the enemy. There are, at present, only a few traces of this poisoning of intelligence and feeling. One of the wisest provisions made by the Government has been the establishment of an official bureau of authentic intelligence. For though this will greatly retard and economize the output of truth, it is far more important to stop the reckless sowing of inflammatory falsehoods than to secure a swift dissemination of trustworthy news which nowise affects the actual issues of the war.

To expect to keep a quite unclouded mind is, of course, a counsel of perfection. The war sentiment always produces a certain obscuring of intelligence, alike as regards the causes, the significance, and the conduct of the war. The collective, self-protective instinct compels us to envisage the conflict in forms and colors which will best invigorate and sustain our fighting energies. Take one example. No intelligent man who has followed the current of foreign politics during the last eight years, and carefully studied in last week's White Paper its debouch into the sea of conflict, can doubt that the efficient cause of this war, as it affects our nation, is the European acceptance of belief in the doctrine of the Balance of Power. Another part of the same self-protective economy is that Russia figures virtually nowhere in our minds. When the story of these events comes to be recorded in the perspective of world-history, it is at least likely that the whole episode may rank as the first westward and southward break of the great Slav power. But as we see it now, Russia is simply not in the picture. Why not? First, because the menace of German militarism, in all its stupendous complacency and cold cruelty, has forced itself into the front of our imagination; and because, secondly, as history may see it, the sight we have conjured up might paralyze our hearts, and for our fighting we need the stoutest hearts that we can muster. It may perhaps be said that a similar psychological economy might justify all representations which will inflame our effective hatred of the enemy. And this might indeed be the case, were it not for the disastrous reactions of such intense emotionalism upon the judgment and intelligence, and so upon the direction of conduct. Generals and statesmen, of course, do often in extremities have recourse to passion-

producing falsehoods to generate fighting power. But in the long run it is an expensive method. For, when detected, it reacts in general mistrust and cowardice. In a prolonged struggle, taxing all the resources of will and intellect, it is a suicidal policy.

Up to now our minds have been occupied with multifarious preparations, and the anxiety of long suspense has been tempered by high confidence in our power and that of our allies. But at any time this unnatural calm may be suddenly assailed by a series of great and possibly determining events, prosperous or adverse to our cause. Sudden prosperity is notoriously as hard to bear as sudden adversity for a people as for an individual. However strong our confidence in final success, it would at least be wise to steel our nerves against the probability of some severe strains such as are sure to occur in a struggle of such wide dimensions. A series of reverses which might not affect appreciably the issue of the war, followed by the relief of a series of sensational victories, might demoralize the public, reproducing on a quite colossal scale the brief excesses of 1900.

What we have to remember is that in such a crisis as this the mind of the populace is unusually suggestible, both as regards the acceptance of ideas and feelings. Those, therefore, who realize that the strength of the nation largely depends on her conservation of intelligence and equanimity should do everything they can to repress the impassioned appeals to hate, suspicion, fear, and boasting which are apt to weaken and deprave the moral resources of the nation at the moment when they are most needed. This provision against demoralizing panic, or the extravagance of exultation, is not the least urgent of our national duties.

WORKERS AND THE WAR.

"Workers! don't fail your comrades at this great moment. Stand by your fellow-workers here. Stand by your fellow-workers in Europe. Whosoever else deserts the ranks, whatever you may have to face, stand firm. The future is dark, but in the solidarity of the workers lies the hope which shall, once again, bring light to the peoples of Europe."

In the "Labor Leader" for last week there is an interesting account of the meeting of the Internationalist Socialist Bureau, at which Jaurès made his last speech and the Socialists of Britain, France, Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy, and other countries met in their last despairing conference before the great catastrophe. Belgium, the theatre of the first operations of war, was the theatre of the final demonstration for peace. Vandervelde presided at a meeting at Brussels to affirm the persistent friendship of the peoples of Europe, despite all the quarrels of their rulers. Haase described the Socialist meetings in Germany against the war. Jaurès expressed the gratitude of the Socialists of other countries. The Conference passed. The hour struck. Vandervelde is now a Minister in a Government fighting for the life of its people; Jaurès is dead; the German and Austrian orators have passed behind the screen, and the peasants and workmen of the most enlightened nations of the world are crossing the

plains of Europe, or crossing her seas, to wound and slaughter one another.

The passionate appeal of the "Labor Leader" set out at the head of this article recognizes that the labor movement cannot be isolated from Europe. The labor movement stands for ideas, and those ideas are not shut up within one nation, nor are their destinies unaffected by the conduct or the fortunes of other peoples. The columns of one of the earliest of labor newspapers, "The Voice of the People," published in 1830, are full of the wrongs and the struggles of Poland. The international sympathies of the labor movement have since been developed by the relationships that common employment and common interests have promoted. Non-intervention, the deliberate policy of one school of British politicians, has never been the policy of labor. The representatives of labor have never stood aloof on the questions of Armenia, the Congo, Persia, Finland, or any of the crucial questions that have raised the issue between the rights of men and the rights of power. Non-intervention may be the right policy in given circumstances, but it is not the policy of labor on principle; the case for or against it depends on its merits. The place of Britain in Europe, the causes she defends, the policy she pursues, the reputation she enjoys for helping the weak and respecting the common interests of Europe, are matters of moment to the British working classes because of the power of the interests that press on the working classes is not the power of those interests in any one country alone. One day their own Government may be the instrument of their own ideas in the world, and her good name and her readiness to make sacrifices for Europe, help to give scope and power to their ideas.

There is a direct Labor interest in foreign politics, in the maintenance of peace. A war such as this says brutally to the world that human life counts for nothing in the dreams of soldiers and autocrats. As the German Socialist Party put it in a manifesto to the working classes against this war: "The ruling classes who in time of peace gag you, despise you, and exploit you, would misuse you as food for cannon." The working classes of all countries have, therefore, a common interest in preventing war, and this common interest is expressed in the proposal for a general strike against war. If the strike could be made general, its purpose would be answered and nothing could be better. If, instead of a general strike, there is merely a strike among the more enlightened nations, the policy is nothing else than an invitation to the Powers that are the most independent of such influences to make aggressions. Could anybody, for example, say that at this moment it was the duty of the Belgian Socialist to refuse to take up arms? If Russia, Germany, and Austria can count on mobilizing an army when they want just because the military classes are more powerful than those in Western Europe, the policy of striking against war is the policy of surrendering the Liberal nations to the Governments that have been most successful in crushing the working classes.

It is clear that neither the doctrine of non-intervention nor that of a strike against war gives any guidance in this crisis. The immediate fact is that a powerful

military State has thrown itself upon a small State, almost at our doors, in spite of treaties, and the question for the British working classes is whether or not it is their duty to help to defend that small State. Is it a matter of indifference—to put on one side all question of chivalry or treaty obligations—to the British working classes whether Belgium passes under the rule of Zabor? In Western Europe the Prussian system is the most flagrant example of the spirit that despises the rights of man and exalts the privileges of class. Belgium, which is now defending its liberties and its life against that domination, happens to have a special interest for the working-class movement in Britain. As a partner in the culture and literature of Europe, Belgium's place has no commanding significance. But readers of Mr. Cole's book on "The World of Labor," or Mr. Ensor's book on "Modern Socialism," know that Belgium is the home of some very interesting movements and experiments in the world of working-class ideas, and that she has something to teach other nations in this respect. (Does not the development of that movement help to explain the difference between Belgium's prowess to-day and the Thackeray tradition?) But of course the battle is not for Belgium alone; the battle is for all the small peoples that are threatened by Prussian aggression—Holland and Denmark. The working classes at home are helping to decide whether there is to be an industrial civilization or a military civilization in these countries, whether these people are to govern themselves or whether they are to be governed from Berlin. And Berlin, in this connection, means the rule of a small class, not the ideas of the German Social Democrats, with whom the working classes have no relations but those of friendship.

At this point there rises in some minds the ghosts of old crimes. You cannot intervene, it is said, to save Belgium because you destroyed the Transvaal and betrayed Persia. This is a circle of despair. If, at every turn civilization is to be choked by its past, then indeed the future is hopeless. If this reasoning prevails, nobody would be allowed to protect Sweden from Russia to-morrow, because we should have failed to protect Belgium from Germany to-day.

But the interest of the working classes' movement, as the movement of certain ideas and hopes in this war is not confined to Belgium. The White Paper will start many controversies, but there is one fact that emerges too plainly for dispute. Of all the Powers, Germany alone would make no concession for the peace of Europe. Even Russia put pressure on Serbia to be docile. Germany would neither accept the proposals of others, nor make proposals of her own. Other Governments may have thought as little of the working classes, but they had some regard for European peace. Germany has been the aggressor on that peace. That is the judgment of Italy, of the small States of Western Europe, of the French Syndicalists, as it was the judgment of Jaurès, the noblest of the public men of his day. Western Europe is defending herself—and defending the working classes of Germany—from this power. All the controversies that spring from the past, ranging round the troubled history of Europe from the

day when Germany organized her alliances against broken France, and France replied by falling back on the only Power left, the greatest calamity in the history of Europe—important though they are, and sifted as they must be—do not affect the main fact to-day. Western Europe has been thrown into a struggle between Germany and France. For Western Europe the struggle now is between the military civilization and the interests of the common people, between the ideas of the Prussian Government and the ideas of a free society; and the working classes, whose interests are peace and the peaceful development of Europe and the overthrow of class-rule, are vitally concerned in it.

The "Times" rejoices that International Socialism has come to grief, and that the proletariat in every country is marching to battle. But it is not only International Socialism that has come to grief in this collapse of civilization. And International Socialism has done a great work, which will go on. To-day there is comparatively little bitterness between the races. The British working-man does not think of the German as the British people used to think of the French, or as many British people thought ten years ago of the Boers. He thinks of him not as a cruel and barbarous stranger but as a fellow worker. When he hears of Germans dying in the trenches, or flung like stones against the forts of Liège, there crosses his mind the picture of a miner, working like himself in the dark windings of a pit, exposed like himself day by day to sudden death, withstanding like himself an economic power, and belonging like himself to a great brotherhood of men with like wrongs and like sympathies and like hopes. To such a man the thought of a German village swept by a Cossack invasion is scarcely less terrible than the thought of his own home in flames, and victory is touched with deep human sorrow, for every German battleship may take with it to the bottom of the sea men, poor like himself, who have been his friends in time of trouble. Mr. Robert Williams reminds his readers in the "Daily Herald" that the German workers who now man the German ships gave £5,000 to the London transport workers. These relationships crossing the boundaries of war will make it easier for Britons to avoid bitterness, to teach moderation, to beware if they are successful of harsh terms, and for the workmen in every country to determine that, whatever it cost them, this tragedy shall not happen twice.

If this reading of the situation is the right one, the working classes at home would have been deserting their fellow workers in Europe if they had left the people of Belgium to their fate. The war imposes on them terrible sacrifices, and it also imposes on them vast duties. When Britain fought against Revolutionary France, the management of the war and the management of the life of the nation were in the hands of a small class. The Navy was manned by the press-gang: the army by the scandalous arts of the crimp. A German Legion helped to keep order in the heart of England. The working classes had only to work for their masters in silent obedience. A sensitive writer who remarked, with ill-timed truth, that they were like the ass which carried the same pannier, whoever his master might be, soon found his way into prison. In this great crisis, this sudden

summons to the nation, the position of the working classes is very different. Britain is, for purposes of war, not against Germany but against want and degradation, in the position that France was in when she was threatened with invasion in 1793. The decree of the French Convention of August 23rd might be adapted to our position:—

"Dès ce moment jusqu'à celui où les ennemis auront été chassés du territoire de la République, tous les Français sont en réquisition permanente pour le service des armées. Les jeunes gens iront au combat: les hommes mariés forgeront les armes et transporteront les subsistances: les femmes feront des tentes, des habits, et serviront dans les hopitaux: les enfants melleront le vieux linge en charpie; les vieillards se feront porter sur les places publiques pour exciter le courage des guerriers, la haine des rois, et le dévouement à la République."

Everyone is requisitioned for the service of the State. The nation wants everybody, old and young, man and woman. The Distress Fund, though inevitable, is a perilous idea. The real question is whether society having a supply of citizens available and a number of great tasks to be accomplished is able to organize itself in such a way as to employ those citizens in these tasks. A woman who is normally employed in helping to produce jam is thrown out of employment; but the State does not lose her services. Instead of regarding her as a burden, we ought to consider how society can best use her leisure. Mr. C. R. Buxton has put the truth about this admirably in the "Daily News" when he says that we ought to use this occasion for producing wealth for the future, and that under this we should include forms of education and training. A capital weakness of the Government's scheme is that it pays hardly any attention to the organization of women. No use, apparently, is to be made of all the special experience of women engaged in Trade Union work or the Women's Co-operative Guild. Yet it is obvious that if the nation has to sit down and ask itself what is the best use to be made of the leisure of women thrown out of employment, the best advice it can take is the advice of women. We have to get rid of the idea that the war has created a situation in which the rich have to rescue the poor. It has created a situation in which the citizens, and most of all the working-class citizens, have to rescue the State. If we look at it in this way the idle workers may rebuild East London, grow food on the waste lands in our towns, and make a garden of our countryside. The war in Europe is not a workers' war, but the war in each country may be made into a workers' war. The very problems that now present themselves may teach the workers how best to use and combine their great and scattered resources, not for the need of the moment, but for the life of the future. Mr. Cole seizes the occasion to urge on the Co-operative Societies that they should throw in their lot with the Trade Unions, and take their part in the struggle of the working classes. In this way, the workers may emerge a greater power in the State, and thus with greater power in Europe.

HOW IT LOOKS TO GERMANY.

In the final sentences of his speech in the Reichstag on August 4th, when he demanded a war-credit of £265,000,000, the German Chancellor said: "I repeat the Kaiser's words: 'Germany enters into the conflict with a clean conscience.' We are fighting for the fruit of all our labor in peace time, for the inheritance of a great past, and for our future. The solemn hour that puts our people to the proof has struck. Our army is ranged on the field, our fleet is ready for war. Behind them stands the whole German people." "The whole German people," he repeated, with a gesture indicating especially the Social Democrats.

There was hardly a debate. Beyond Dr. Kaempf, the President of the Reichstag, only one member made a speech. He was Herr Haase, the Socialist leader. Speaking for the whole of his party, he said, in brief:—

"We stand at the hour of destiny. Up to the last we have struggled for the maintenance of peace, especially for the sake of our brothers in France." (Socialist applause.) "Now we stand before the iron fact of war. We are threatened by the horrors of invasion. We have no longer to decide on peace or war, but for the defence of our own country. Our people and our future liberties are all at stake. They would be lost under a victory of the Russian despotism, which is stained with the blood of the noblest personalities among its own people." (Tempestuous applause.) "To avert this peril, we must maintain the civilization and independence of our own country. Therefore, we Socialists repeat what we have always asserted: in the crisis of danger we will not leave our nation in the lurch." (Immense applause.)

But I see that Herr Haase added:—

"The Imperialist policy is the cause of the entire world being in arms, and of the peoples deluging Europe with their blood."

As a whole the German race feels that for them it is a fight for existence and for civilization. They did not desire war, and certainly they did not expect it. The whole population that can afford holidays was out holiday-making. The vast mountains of lost luggage, heaped up in all stations and some of the public squares, are evidence of the fact; for under the rush of returning holiday-makers, even German organization broke down. They knew that diplomatic mistakes might have been made. They knew that little Serbia meant nothing to them, one way or other. She certainly was not worth the bones of one Pomeranian grenadier. They knew the awful loss that must befall nearly every family in such a war as this, when it is estimated that 9,000,000 men between twenty and fifty will be called up for service of one kind or another. Family love is as strong among them as among others, and they are a careful, thrifty people, following a well-ordered daily life with almost excessive regularity. Yet, with hardly an exception, the whole country would repeat the words of the Chancellor. To them the long-dreaded hour had struck. They would not leave their country in the lurch.

For two generations they have been brought up to expect this terrible hour. Their statesmen have constantly reminded them of it. Their education has been largely directed to preparing for it. The disasters of Jena and Napoleon's domination are impressed on them from childhood. So is the glory of the "War of Liberation," a century ago, and the splendor of 1870.

Speaking in the Reichstag on January 11th, 1887, Bismarck dwelt on the possibility of this future war:—

"Over against us," he said, "we should find those same Frenchmen under whose oppression we suffered from 1807 to 1813, and who drained the blood out of us—bled us like calves. *Saigner à blanc*, as the French say. If you read the accounts of the old people of that time, if, like me in my childhood, you had heard from the lips of the peasants and country people the stories of their sufferings, I think you would shrink even more than I from the remotest possibility of their repetition. . . . If we attacked France again and were convinced that nothing else would secure us tranquillity, even for a time, if we entered Paris again as victors, we should take care to render France incapable of attacking us for thirty years. On our side, as on theirs, the object would be the same: each would put out all his strength to *saigner à blanc*—to bleed to the white."

Or take a speech of Bismarck's successor. Speaking in the Reichstag on November 23rd, 1892, Caprivi said:—

"The days are past when, to the thunder of the guns at Jena, German professors and German poets could sit at home and go on with their verse-making. Now our heart would break. Our science and art would be involved in the overthrow. We must recognize clearly that we have before us a fight for existence, for existence material, political, and mental. It is our duty to do our utmost to survive in that conflict. Each nation takes its place in the economy of the world. The gap left by Germany could be filled by no other. Our first duty is to preserve our own existence. Only so can a nation be an instrument of God. And we must preserve the memory of the thousands who have shed their blood for our country. Shall it one day be said, 'They gave their life: you would not even give your cash'?"

For a century, or at least for fifty years, the manhood and womanhood of Germany have been accustomed to such words. They have heard the great songs of the "War of Liberation" from the cradle. All know the meaning of "Lützow's Ride," and "The Old Field-Marshal." All can sing the national songs of "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles," as musicians would have them sung. They have impressed upon them from childhood the text of Scharnhorst's army reform, "All the inhabitants of a country are its born defenders." By nature an orderly and patient people, very submissive to authority, they have accepted the army discipline as a national necessity, and it has become part of themselves. They are not bellicose, but the military spirit has certainly been encouraged by their admired Kaiser's phrases about "the mailed fist" and "the shining armor," or by Bismarck's phrases about "Blood and iron," and "Words are not soldiers; speeches are not battalions." It has been further encouraged by historians of the Treitschke school, and by the romantic thinkers, like the Kaiser himself, who brood over the glories of Charlemagne and the adventures of medieval knight-hood. Nietzsche, with his German superman and his contempt for the gentler qualities of self-denial, usually called Christian, has had his effect—a pernicious effect.

So it is a rough school under which the German is brought up, and there is no denying its oppressive and brutalizing side. Strong and conspicuous individuality is likely to be destroyed under it, and genius seldom emerges. But to understand the German nature we must

recognize the long pressure of the fear which is now being realized. Germans fear for their lives, for their rapidly increasing prosperity, for their learning, their schools, their way of life—everything that they call their culture or civilization. In the Socialist leader's speech, there was a friendly reference to "our brothers in France." The mention of Russian despotism was received with tumultuous applause. That distinction is significant. In all this terrible crisis, almost the only ray of light is the disappearance of the German people's old enmity to the French. What hatred exists is directed entirely against Russia. There is no national feeling against France. That is a signal for future hope.

When I was coming down from the Transvaal to the Natal frontier a few days before the Boer War, General Joubert said to me at parting, "The heart of my soul is bloody with sorrow." I write as an Englishman who thinks that if we had stood by and watched Belgium violated and France bled to the white without one effort in their defence we should never have been able to look the world in the face again. But when I think of Germany and all she has been to us, I say with Joubert, "The heart of my soul is bloody with sorrow." Goethe was often reproached for not having written war-songs against the French a century ago; but he once replied:—

"In my poetry I have never shammed (*nie affectirt*). How could I have written songs of hate without hatred? I did not hate the French, though I thanked God when we got rid of them. How could I, to whom civilization and barbarism are the only distinctions of importance, hate a nation which is one of the most civilized on earth, and to which I owe so great a part of my own culture?"

The words came to my mind the other day as the train slowly dragged us through Germany after our escape from Berlin. From the carriage I could see the pleasant German villages and the old German towns, where I had so often been happy with country-people and students in years when I thought the German mind held the secret of the universe. I was wrong; but I do not regret the time I spent among Germans in the search. There they were still—the well-built houses with high roofs, the well-cultivated fields, the woods and low hills, murmuring of fairyland.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

THE WAR ON LAND.

THE reading of censored newspapers is apt to produce a certain myopia. Of the great movements of troops in this war we learn next to nothing, for the pens of the correspondents are paralyzed by the duty of secrecy. They take their revenge by describing the little happening on the outer fringe of the war. We see very vividly the coming of the German cavalry to an undefended Belgian town, the raid on the banks, the fine gesture of the mayor as he refuses to haul down the flag. We may even, with luck, witness vicariously a day's skirmishing between five thousand Germans on the outposts and as many Belgians. It is all very human. But it has about as much to do with the real task of war as the rattling of

the carved ivory balls in a set of Indian chessmen has to do with chess. If we are to follow the fortunes of this struggle, we must somehow contrive to take a bird's-eye view. We must for once reason like kings and statesmen, count our fellow-men in units of forty thousand or so at a time, and realize that we are dealing in this war not so much with battles, or marches, as with the migration of one nation into the territories of another. Germany is not so much fighting battles as she is directing the tramp of her armed manhood towards Paris. The migration began with the rush into Luxemburg on the first day of August. It must reach some decisive result before the month is out, for with September another migration will have reached the Eastern confines of Germany—the tramp of the Russian millions eastward.

Every road leads to Paris in this migration. Each army corps, one must suppose, has its dated itinerary mapped out, and every road and lane will be used as the great host rolls forward. With Paris as a centre, describe an arc of a circle from the great fortress of Metz north-westwards. The radius of the arc is about 180 miles, and it sweeps through the Duchy of Luxemburg, crosses the Meuse between Liège and Namur, and touches Brussels. Along this arc, the German armies have concentrated. Our military press bureau has stated the broad facts about the disposition of the German forces, and the "Times," drawing evidently upon official sources, has given in some detail the facts which the airmen and the spies of the Allies have gathered. There are, we are told, some seventeen army corps on the march, numbering over 1,200,000 men. The Left, or its vanguard, has entered France already, marching from Metz or Thionville. It has fought an artillery duel and a cavalry skirmish, in which it was said to be worsted, at Spincourt. It has below it the immense system of fortifications at Verdun, behind which the French have concentrated, and from which they may take it in flank or in front, or both. The Centre will meet with no serious opposition at any early stage. But it has to cross the woods and ravines, the valleys and heights of the Ardennes, and if it means, as German armies commonly do, to live on the country, it has to reckon with the fact that this region is sparsely peopled and relatively poor. The Right is the force of five corps which encountered the formidable obstacle of Liège. Some of it is still investing these stubborn forts. Its infantry may still be waiting its turn to cross the pontoon bridge near Visé. Its cavalry and some of its light columns, with such modern adjuncts as machine-guns mounted on motor cars, is over-running the country North of the Meuse, now capturing the little towns with which this densely peopled region swarms, and again retiring after a first brush with the defenders, who are always in the telegrams described as "Belgians," though the Allied forces must be near them, if not among them.

Such is the panorama along the arc of a circle from Metz to Brussels. It is difficult to imagine how the time-table of this converging migration can be adjusted. British experts assume that this right wing is expected to rush the formidable fortifications of Namur and Antwerp, to annihilate the Belgian field army, and then to bear down upon Lille, another power-

ful fortress, and thence to take the French main army in the flank or rear. We are even told that a German marching itinerary has been captured with the date August 5th cheerfully marked against Lille. It is not easy to conceive that German strategy was so wildly optimistic as this. The task of this right wing may very well be only to amuse the Belgian field army north of the Meuse, while the main forces march south of it to meet the French on the line—Givet, Mézières, Sedan, Montmédy. There are, however, obvious limits to the temporizing strategy, which consists in leaving part of your forces behind you to mask fortresses and amuse auxiliary bodies of the enemy. A modern army cannot advance indefinitely unless it has a railway behind it. The Germans started with the possession of the lines in the Duchy of Luxemburg. It may be using the line from Liège to Rochefort, which the Fourth Corps reached last Monday. The line through Bastogne (where another corps arrived on Monday) goes on to Bertrix, twenty miles from Sedan. A third line from Luxemburg skirts the French frontier above Longwy towards Montmédy. All these routes are probably in German hands. But their great mass movement almost certainly requires the use of the main line and the main road that follows the Meuse, and to win this they must do more than secure themselves against a Belgian attack from the North-West. They must take the great ring-fortress of Namur, and finish taking Liège. These are the preliminaries, and when they are completed (if they can be completed) the migration, after two weeks spent in violating Belgian neutrality, will only have reached the frontiers of France.

This bird's-eye view has been severely partial. We have glanced only at the invading masses. But we may be sure that the French mobilization and concentration was at least as business-like and competent as the German migration. We have reached a point at which the will and skill of the defence must presently begin to interfere with the advance. A few days will show whether General Joffre means to overthrow, or only to delay, the German right, and whether his main body will await the central onset along the line of the Meuse, or advance boldly to attack it before it has fully emerged from the Belgian Ardennes. One prophecy may be hazarded. The decisive shock of the central masses must come this week. If it is delayed longer, the German advance will have lost its nicely timed moment for victory, and will have to count the days when it must turn to resist the avalanche of numbers on the Russian frontier.

OPPORTUNITY.

THE opportunity of Liberalism has come at last, an overwhelming opportunity. The age of militarism has rushed to its inevitable and yet surprising climax. The great soldier empire, made for war, which has dominated Europe for forty years has pulled itself up by the roots and flung itself into the struggle for which it was made. Whether it win or lose, it will never put itself back

again. All Europe, following that lead, is a-field for war. The good harvests stand neglected, the factories are idle, a thin, uncertain trickle of paper money replaces the chinking flow of commerce; whichever betide, defeat or deadlock, the capitalist military civilization uproots itself and ends. The war may burn itself out more quickly than those who regard its immensity think, but the war itself is the mere smash of the thing. The reality is the uprooting, the incurable dislocation.

Trying to map and measure that dislocation is rather like one's first effort to think in sun's distances. It is to transfer one's mind to a new and overwhelming scale. Never did any time carry so swift a burthen of change as this time. It is manifest that in a year or so the world of men is going to alter more than it has altered in the last century and a half, more indeed than it ever altered before these last centuries since history began. Think of the mere geographical dislocation. There is scarcely a country in Europe that will not emerge from this struggle with entirely fresh frontiers, sovereign powers will vanish from the map, new sovereign powers will come. In the disorders that are upon us and of which this war itself is the mere preliminary phase in uniform, inevitably there must be social reconstruction. Who can doubt it? Who can doubt the break up of confidence and usage that is in progress? Plainly you can see famine coming—in France, in Germany, in Russia. Does anyone suppose that those sham efficient Germans have fully worked out the care and feeding of the madly distended hosts they have hurled at France? Does anyone dream that they have reckoned for a check and halt? Does anyone imagine their sanitary arrangements are perfect? There will be pestilence. And can one believe that whatever feats of financial fiction we contrive, *their* financial crash can be staved off, and that the bankers of Hamburg and Frankfort are likely to be shovelling gold next January in a still methodical world? The German State machine has probably already done all that it was ever made to do. It stands now exhausted amidst the turmoil of its consequences. Its mobilization arrangements are said to have been astonishingly complete. Ten million men for and against have been got into the field—with ammunition. Prussian Germany has carried out its arrangements and committed the business to Gott. German foresight has exhausted itself. If Gott fail Germany, I do not believe that Germany has the remotest idea what to do next. For the most part those millions will never get home any more. They will certainly never get back to their work again, because it will have disappeared.

When I think of European statecraft presently trying to put all these things back again I am reminded of a story of a friend, whose neighbor tried to cut his throat and then repented. He came round to her with a towel about his neck making peculiar noises. It was a distressing but illuminating experience for her. She was a plucky and resourceful woman, and she did her best. "There was such a lot of it," she said. "I hadn't an idea things were packed so tight in us."

It is characteristic of such times as this—that much in the world, and, more particularly, much in the minds of men, much that has seemed as invincible as the mountains and as deeply rooted as the sea, magically loses its solidity, fades, changes, vanishes. When one

looked at the map of Europe a month ago most of the lines of its frontiers seemed almost as stable as the coast-lines. Now they waver under one's eyes. When one thought of the heritage of the Crown Prince of Germany, it seemed as fixed as a constellation, and now in a little while it may be worth as little as a bloody rag in the trenches of Liège. In little things as in great, one is suddenly confronted by undreamt-of instabilities. The Reform Club, which has been a cheerful and refreshing trickle of gold to me for years, now yields me reluctantly for my cheque two inartistic pound notes. My other club has ceased the kindly custom of cashing cheques altogether. One is glad that poor Bagehot did not live to see this day. Each day now I marvel to wake and find I have still a banker. . . . And I perceive, too, that if presently my banker dissolved into the rest of this dissolving world—a thing I should have thought an unendurable calamity a month ago—I shall laugh and go on. . . . Ideas that have ruled life as though they were divine truths are being chased and slaughtered in the streets. The rights of property, for example, the sturdy virtues of individualism, all toleration for the rewards of abstinence, vanished last week suddenly amidst the execrations of mankind upon a hurrying motor-car loaded with packages of sugar and flour. They bolted, leaving Socialism and Collectivism in possession. The State takes over flour mills and the food supply, not merely for military purposes, but for the general welfare of the community. The State controls the railways with a sudden complete disregard of shareholders. There is not even a letter to the "Times" to object. If the State sees fit to keep its hold upon these things for good, or loosens its hold only to improve its grip, I question if there is very much left in the minds of men, even after the mere preliminary sweeping of the last two weeks, to dispute possession. Society as we knew it a year ago has indeed already broken up; it has lost all real cohesion; only the absence of any attraction elsewhere keeps us bunched together. We keep our relative positions because there nowhither to stampede. Dazed, astonished people fill the streets; and we talk of the national calm. The more intelligent men thrown out of their jobs make for the recruiting offices, because they have nothing else to do; we talk of the magnificent response to Lord Kitchener's appeal. Everybody is offering services. Everybody is looking for someone to tell him what to do. It is not organization; it is the first phase of dissolution.

I am not writing prophecies now, and I am not "displaying imagination." I am just running as hard as I can by the side of the marching facts, and pointing to them. Institutions and conventions crumble about us, and release to unprecedented power the two sorts of rebel that ordinary times suppress, will and ideas.

The character of the new age that must come out of the catastrophes of this epoch will be no mechanical consequence of inanimate forces. Will and ideas will take a large part in this *swirl-ahead* than they have even taken in any previous collapse. No doubt the mass of mankind will still pour along the channels of chance, but the desire for a new world of a definite character will be a force, and if it is multitudinously unanimous enough, it may even be a guiding force, in shaping the new time. The common man and base men are scared to docility. Rulers,

pomposities, obstructives are suddenly apologetic, helpful, asking for help. This is a time of incalculable plasticity. For the men who know what they want, the moment has come. It is the supreme opportunity, the test or condemnation of constructive liberal thought in the world.

Now what does Liberalism mean to do? It has always been alleged against Liberalism that it is carpingly critical, disorganized, dispersed, impracticable, fractious, readier to "resign" and "rebel" than help. That is the common excuse of all modern autocracies, bureaucracies, and dogmatisms. Are they right? Is Liberal thought in this world-crisis going to present the spectacle of a swarm of little wrangling men swept before the mindless besom of brute accident, or shall we be able in this vast collapse or re-birth of the world, to produce and express ideas that will rule? Has it all been talk? Or has it been planning? Is the new world, in fact, to be shaped by the philosophers or by the Huns?

First, as to peace. Do Liberals realize that now is the time to plan the confederation and collective disarmament of Europe, now is the time to re-draw the map of Europe so that there may be no more rankling sores or unsatisfied national ambitions? Are the Liberals as a body going to cry "Peace! Peace!" and leave the questions alone, or are they going to take hold of them? If Liberalism throughout the world develops no plan of a pacified world until the diplomatists get to work, it will be too late. Peace may come to Europe this winter as swiftly and disastrously as the war. . . .

And next, as to social reconstruction. Do Liberals realize that the individualist capitalist system is helpless now? It may be picked up unresistingly. It is stunned. A new economic order may be improvised and probably will in some manner be improvised in the next two or three years. What are the intentions of Liberalism? What will be the contribution of Liberalism? One poor Liberal, I perceive, is possessed, to the exclusion of every other consideration, by the idea that we were not *legally* bound to fight for Belgium. A pretty point, but a petty one. Liberalism is something greater than unfavorable comment on the deeds of active men. Let us set about defining our intentions. Let us borrow a little from the rash vigor of the types that have contrived this disaster. Let us make a truce of our finer feelings and control our dissentient passions. Let us re-draw the map of Europe boldly, as we mean it to be re-drawn, and let us re-plan society as we mean it to be reconstructed. Let us get to work while there is still a little time left to us. Or while our futile fine intelligences are busy, each with its particular exquisitely felt point, the Northcliffes and the diplomatists, the Welt-Politik whisperers, and the financiers, and militarists, the armaments interests, and the Cossack Tsar, terrified by the inevitable red dawn of leaderless social democracy, by the beginning of the stupendous stampede that will follow this great jar and displacement, will surely contrive some monstrous blundering settlement, and the latter state of this world will be worse than the former.

Now is the opportunity to do fundamental things that will otherwise not get done for hundreds of years. If Liberals throughout the world—and in this matter

the Liberalism of America is a stupendous possibility—will insist upon a World Conference at the end of this conflict, if they refuse all partial settlements and merely European solutions, they may re-draw every frontier they choose, they may reduce a thousand chafing conflicts of race and language and government to a minimum, and set up a Peace League that will control the globe. The world will be ripe for it. And the world will be ripe, too, for the banishment of the private industry in armaments and all the vast corruption that entails from the earth for ever. It is possible now to make an end to Kruppism. It may never be possible again. Henceforth let us say weapons must be made by the State, and only by the State; there must be no more private profit in blood. That is the second great possibility for Liberalism, linked to the first. And, thirdly, we may turn our present social necessities to the most enduring social reorganization; with an absolute minimum of effort now, we may help to set going methods and machinery that will put the feeding and housing of the population and the administration of the land out of the reach of private greed and selfishness for ever.

H. G. WELLS.

A London Diary.

THE events of the last few days have, I think, calmed and fortified us all. I never knew the nation so absolutely united as it is to-day—in feeling, in temper, in belief. Before war was declared, doubts and divisions were both wide and strong. If they have disappeared, it is not due to the mere mechanical unity of the people produced by a state of vital conflict. They were not so subdued in 1899. The crucial fact is the convincing character of the White Paper. Convincing, let me say, on all the crucial points. Chiefly, that Sir Edward Grey left nothing undone to secure peace. He was more than a diplomatist. He went outside the *Entente*. He practically abandoned it. Day and night he sought the co-operation of Germany. He offered to vary his proposals in any form which suited her. He sought and obtained the co-operation of Italy. He refused everything in the way of committal to joint action in war (in diplomacy he was not entirely free), first to Russia (warmly approving a strong declaration to this effect by Sir George Buchanan), and then, even at a late and most perilous hour, to France.

THERE is only one passage which seems to me even debatable, and that is the Grey dispatch (No. 123) to Sir Edward Goschen, in which the Foreign Secretary asked whether if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgian neutrality, we would engage to remain neutral, and "suggested" that the "integrity of France and her Colonies" might be guaranteed. But what did this amount to? It must be remembered that the amiable and peaceful Prince Lichnowsky had already been misinformed as to the intentions of his Government, having told Sir Edward that Germany was prepared to accept the principle of mediation *à quatre*, while two days earlier

Germany had rejected it in unqualified fashion. Even as it stood, Prince Lichnowsky offered nothing. He merely asked us to show our hand, on the understanding that Germany might in return show hers, and that it *might* contain something we could accept. How could Sir Edward Grey do for Germany what he had already refused to do for France? He had spoken to Germany in irreproachable terms, so far as frankness, considerateness, and even pliability (a quality I should not have suspected of him) had gone. But what could be clearer on August 1st than that Germany, having meant and practically organized war, was simply trying to stave off Britain with worthless verbalism? Could we be the dupe of mere belated duplicity? I think not.

THE demeanor of the people has been splendid. Personally I have seen nothing of the angry anti-Germanism which Mr. Bertrand Russell records elsewhere. There is a half-comic anti-Kaiserism, much less brutal than pitying and good-humoredly contemptuous. This may alter should reverses come. But it is interesting to hear that what the people seem to think, the soldiers, regular and irregular, think, too. A near relation of mine, attached to a volunteer regiment, told me that he had not heard from his comrades a single cruel or what one might call bloody-minded expression. These lads will kill and be killed for an idea, not for an unmeaning scuffle in the shambles. It is terrible even to have to write this, but it is, I think the fact, and by itself it is an evidence that life is not altogether moving backwards.

BY-THE-WAY, the Swiss papers record a Social-Democratic manifesto calling on the Poles to rise and throw off the dominion of Russia.

THERE is a good story of a conversation between the Kaiser and Mr. Burns during one of the former's visits to this country. Mr. Burns is an ardent observer of soldiering, and few manœuvres go by without his sharing the soldiers' marches. One year he transferred this voluntary service to Germany. The Kaiser heard of it, and asked him what he thought of the German army. Mr. Burns replied with his accustomed directness: "I think, Sir, you have too much drill, and that you get very little real discipline, and that your idea of shock tactics and close formation is all out of date. And I think you rely too much on numbers and not enough on *morale*." "Indeed," said the Kaiser good-humoredly, and repeated Mr. Burns's criticism to one of his officers. A distinguished person shook his head, and hinted that the advice was indiscreet. "Not at all," was the reply, "in a week the Kaiser will have forgotten all about it."

It is interesting to watch the signs of popular humor. At one of the big cinematograph shows in London, the other night, the portraits of the King, Lord Kitchener, Admiral Jellicoe, were all warmly received. But the great demonstration was reserved for Mr. Churchill, and after him for Mr. Redmond. Sir Edward Carson's picture passed almost unnoticed.

A WAYFARER.

Occasional Notes.

PUBLISHING has come to a stop, for the moment at least, though one or two venturesome houses have announced a few novels for the end of August. Meanwhile, people are reading books that throw any light upon the operations on the Continent or in the North Sea. The most brilliant of these is Mr. Erskine Childers's "The Riddle of the Sands," in Messrs. Nelson's sevenpenny series. There has been a great demand for the White Book, officially described as "Correspondence Respecting the European Crisis, Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of His Majesty, August, 1914." It runs to seventy-seven pages, and can be had from Messrs. Wyman for ninepence. Those who have no expert knowledge, but who wish to get as correct a view as possible of the movements in Belgium and on the Franco-German frontier, will be greatly helped by Baedeker's Guide Books, published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, and Messrs. Hachette's Guides-Joanne. The maps and plans of the principal cities are excellent. Messrs. Stanford and Messrs. Bacon have published useful maps of the seat of war.

ON Sunday week a leader in "The Observer" began with the words: "We entertain no doubt whatever that the state of the Ulster problem was the deciding factor in precipitating the European catastrophe." This view is confirmed by a remarkable story printed in another Unionist journal. "The Outlook" says that the following story has reached it from a trustworthy source:—

"A large proportion of the guns supplied to the Ulster Volunteers came from Hamburg. They were provided by a notorious gun-runner, who has been in the habit, when permitted, of despatching guns to any country where disturbances were afoot. He was carefully watched by the German authorities, and in cases like the Portuguese Revolution steps were promptly taken to prevent him from doing anything calculated to assist the rising. When the Irish situation became acute he received a hint that the Government's blind eye would be to the glass if he were anxious to further the views of the Ulstermen. Germany mistook Ireland as she mistook Belgium, and, such is Nemesis, it is quite on the cards that the Hamburg guns may be used against herself."

Readers of THE NATION will remember that in June last "Wayfarer" wrote that a report on the military character and arrangement of the Ulster Volunteers had been made to the Kaiser by a specially qualified official.

THE small amount of panic which followed the declaration of war in London seems to have been mainly confined to the comfortable classes. At some of the large West End stores there was an unparalleled demand for provisions—in one case a private order was placed for five hundred pounds' worth—and some persons waited for hours in order to make sure that they would receive the provisions they had demanded. Fortunately, this beginning of a panic has been checked, though not without adding to the sufferings of the poor, who have had to pay the increased prices which it caused. It would be difficult to find words to stigmatize this conduct. During the siege of Paris a pound of dog-flesh cost 6 francs, a cat 35 francs, a rabbit 50 francs, a goose

280 francs, and a rat 6 francs 50 centimes. But this happened in a fortified town, in a state of siege, and after a disastrous campaign. Those who showed so little confidence in the power of our navy to avert famine have proved themselves to be as cowardly as they are unpatriotic.

* * *

THOSE who were in French provincial towns when the orders came for general mobilization are unanimous in praise of the way in which the French people met the occasion. It was felt that France was on the eve of a life-and-death struggle, which she was entering with hope but without bravado. Within a few hours of the news the streets were filled with men in uniform, carrying heavy marching-boots in their hands, grouped in knots for conversation, or bidding farewell to their wives and families. Englishmen were anxiously questioned as to the attitude of this country, and invited to see for themselves that the war had been forced upon the French people. But what made the greatest impression was the thoroughness of the military organization. In one little sea-side town, twenty holiday-makers had left a single hotel to join their regiments within half an hour of the mobilization notice being posted at the Mairie. And neither among those who were leaving or those who expected to be called up in the immediate future were there any Jingoistic displays. It was felt on all sides that this was a war "pour la defense du foyer."

* * *

In comparison with this serious yet confident temper, we may quote M. Henry Houssaye's description of the French capital during the Battle of Paris, to be found in his brilliant history, entitled "1814."

"The apprehension of danger caused more trouble and alarm than the danger itself. The Parisian population, which had been terrified since the first days of February by the very name of the Cossacks, and which trembled on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of March at the idea of pillage and fire, recovered its composure when it heard the cannon. During the battle, the great boulevards wore their accustomed aspect, with this difference that most of the shops were closed, and that few carriages passed. But the crowd was more numerous, more animated, more bustling than usual. It was the boulevard such as it was wont to be at festivals and on days of a change in the Government: a stream of pedestrians moving backwards and forwards, stationary groups engaged in discussion, all the chairs occupied, all the cafés full. The weather was cloudy and agreeable. At Tortoni's, the exquisites ate ices and drank punch as they watched the work-girls pattering by, and some prisoners marching along the street escorted by gendarmes, and crowds of wounded carried on stretchers and in small ammunition waggons and in cabs that had been requisitioned. The crowd appeared in no way dismayed. In some there was uneasiness, in others curiosity; in the greater number tranquillity, and even indifference, was dominant. With the help of the national self-respect—or perhaps speaking more correctly, the Parisian vanity—they regarded the combat taking place at Romainville as a matter of no importance, the result of which, moreover, was not in doubt."

* * *

LIEGE, the city to which all eyes have been directed during the past week, has had more than its share of war from the fourteenth century onwards. Readers of Scott will remember the arrival of Quentin Durward at Liège, and the murder of Louis de Bourbon, its Bishop, by William de la Marck—all of it dated and described with-

out regard to historical fact. The citizens of Liège were notorious fighters, and the Chaplain of Schonwaldt told Quentin Durward that "not even excepting those of Ghent, the men of Liège are at once the fiercest and the most untamable in Europe." During the Republican Wars Liège saw a good deal of fighting. It was taken by the French under Dumouriez in 1792, but shortly afterwards abandoned, to be retaken, however, in 1794 from the Austrians.

Letters to the Editor.

UNANALYZED ASSUMPTIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—We are accustomed to regard Mr. Norman Angell as the eager and enthusiastic advocate of a very noble cause—the abolition of war; and we are grateful to him for bringing into prominence some aspects of his argument, which, though certainly not the highest, are extremely cogent and impressive. Anything, therefore, that he writes will be read with attention, and considered with care. I must needs think, however, that even his friends will be disappointed by the article, "The Unsound Foundations," which appears over his signature in this week's issue of THE NATION.

To begin with, he presents, and argues from, a version of the salient facts which is almost grotesquely false. When he starts off with what he calls "this central and pivotal fact: that the men of Europe have not yet learned so to organize their society as to make their conduct obey their intention," and proceeds to postulate that "349,900,000 as against 350,000,000" of the inhabitants of Europe "are in favor of peace," and are none the less at war, he falls into two grave blunders: first, he ascribes to modern Government a power which, in a free community, it certainly does not possess; and, next, he supposes that the general desire for peace is like his own, unconditioned and absolute, whereas it is, in every case, conditioned and contingent. He falls into a third blunder when he assumes that the conditions of national life are identical in all the European nations, saving, of course, Russia, for which he has an excessive dislike. It may be added that he under-rates the intelligence of his fellow-countrymen, and misunderstands their point of view.

The spectacle which Great Britain presents at this moment may—or may not—be morally respectable, I think it is sublime; but at least it demonstrates that the action of the Government, in drawing the sword against German aggression, commands the support and expresses the mind of the nation.

All of us love peace and hate war; but there are things we love better than peace, and hate worse than war. It is with nations as with individuals. Normally, a man follows the line of his material interest; but touch his honor or his conscience, and he will sacrifice his material interest without the smallest hesitation. The absurdity of duelling did not consist in its assumption that honor was dearer than life, but in the fantastic standards of honor which it admitted. That a man should fight and kill the villain who has defiled his wife is one thing; that he should do as much to the man who has quarrelled with him at cards is quite another. Christendom will always hold martyrs in veneration, while it has nothing but contemptuous wonder for the crack-brained enthusiast who talks the great language of martyrdom at every petty political agitation. So with the nation. Its love of peace has always been conditioned by its loyalty to honor. The average Frenchman desires peace, but not if peace means the loss of national independence; the average Russian loves peace, but not if it means the surrender of the southern Slavs to the power of another race. The average Belgian loves peace, but he will accept death gladly rather than see his country struck out of the roll of free nations. The ordinary Englishman loves peace, but he will rather fight than become a partner to the betrayal of France and Belgium. In every case, the love of peace is contingent on

certain sacred interests being unprejudiced. Touch these, and no Government which reflects faithfully the popular mind can keep the sword in the scabbard.

Mr. Norman Angell thinks too meanly of English intelligence when he assumes that the course of foreign politics has not been followed and understood by the general body of the citizens. It is rather the case that, for years past, our people have realized the general tendency of politics. The menacing growth of German armaments, followed, reluctantly, by Germany's threatened neighbors, has been no secret of the politicians. Englishmen knew quite well that they were bound by treaty to guarantee the independence of Belgium, and most of them would not have been soon or easily persuaded that the repudiation of that treaty could have been reputable or right. So far as I can judge, the feeling of the people outran the action of Ministers, and would have been outraged if the national obligations had been renounced.

Mr. Norman Angell is entitled to think his fellow-countrymen as wrong and foolish as he will; but he has no right to assume that, because they prefer honorable war to disgraceful peace, they are helpless and ignorant sheep being hustled to the shambles by those cynical butchers, the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary.

Why should he prefer to take the lowest view of the motives of his countrymen? Why should he prohibit himself from seeing the moral splendor which relieves the horrors of Liège? Why will he see nothing but a "struggle for purely political domination" in those moving scenes in Alsace, where a population, crushed and insulted for forty-four years, welcomes with transports its long-severed kinsmen from France? Why is he silent about the real tragedy—the cynical militarism of the ruling caste in Germany, of which the Emperor William has, unhappily, made himself the representative?

Mr. Norman Angell not only misjudges the present, but also misreads the future. In this tremendous conflict he can see nothing but disaster to civilization. It is for him only a "throw-back" to barbarism, wrecking, at a stroke, schemes of social reform, and postponing improvement to a distant and doubtful future. I prefer to see in it the breaking down, at whatever cost of blood and treasure, of the principal barrier to social improvement. So long as the nations of Europe are organized in armed camps, there can be neither mind nor money for domestic amelioration. Reduction of armaments is a futile dream so long as these costly and monstrous instruments remain unused and unbroken in the hands of those who have created them. When the magazines are empty and the grass grows over the stricken fields of the last and greatest European war, the peoples of Europe will insist upon what the people of England have been desiring for years—reduction of armaments and a saner organization of international relations. After all, it is misleading to speak of the war not having been averted. War was actually in process, though its dramatic incidents were still absent. The European situation had reached a deadlock, from which an open conflict appeared the only way of escape. The lower ethics of Berlin, where the tradition of Frederick the Great reigned unshaken, have prevailed against the higher morality of the modern world in London, Paris, Brussels, and Rome. Russia's action is racial and instinctive. The Tsar and his Ministers did not provoke, and could not have desired, a war with Germany.

The Socialists of France and Belgium are making no mistake, when they see that the cynical militarism which is supreme in Germany must be broken before a better day can dawn for the peoples of Europe; and they are men enough not to shrink from the necessary sacrifice.—Yours, &c.,

H. HENSLEY HENSON.

The Deanery, Durham.
August 12th, 1914.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is a disposition to day to stand by and—putting all political thoughts into the background—confining our energies to helping our country, in what way our conscience allows, to emerge as unscathed as possible from

this war. But is that our sole duty? For eight years we have been weaving round ourselves, under Sir Edward Grey's management, the mesh of entanglements which has brought us to our present confusion. I was told on that fatal Sunday that when certain documents were published they would make clear to the world the innocence of our motives and the criminality of Germany. They certainly show that, until war was declared in Berlin, Sir Edward Grey worked for peace, and that Germany carries responsibilities for which it is hard even to excuse her. But that is not the real significance of the White Paper. In these hundred and fifty-nine messages we have the most telling condemnation of the Foreign policy and the diplomatic methods of the Liberal Government. When the end of the long road came, our hands were tied, our honor was pledged, we could neither stop nor turn to the right or left. Doomed to failure by his own past policy, Sir Edward Grey impotently strove to avert the crash. He was in the rapids above the waterfall, and no power on earth could save him. How feebly pathetic was the final offer to Germany: "Come now and work with me for peace, and I will bring you into a Concert of Europe!" In that one offer alone he condemned all his past. He should have begun with that eight years ago, not ended with it yesterday. The White Paper is the cruel judgment of time upon Sir Edward Grey as Foreign Minister. He labored patiently for eight years, and he made war in Europe inevitable whilst pursuing what he thought to be the way of peace.

All the other conclusions from the White Paper are insignificant compared with this. Germany encouraged and advised Austria; Germany decided there was to be no peace—perhaps! But that is the result of a long drawn out policy. This ending was inevitable.

The question which everyone has to answer who cares for the honor of Great Britain, and who strives for the peace of Europe is: What is to be done with the Foreign Office when the war is over? If we pursue our present policy into its further sequels, we shall find them to be as dire as this war. The defeat of Germany, leading, as I hope, to the overthrow of her military autocracy, only establishes the power of Russia and its military despotism, and this will create a situation both in Europe and Asia which will concern, not merely our honor but our existence.

Whilst we are waiting for the issue of military events, surely we must be taking counsel and maturing plans for opposing a Government which has led us blindly into war, which has shattered our programmes of social reform, and which has as an ally the Power which, most of all, threatens democracy and European civilization.

Are Liberal Associations to remain dumb whilst this Cabinet, by its short-sighted and evil foreign policy leads us from conflict to conflict, or are they to make ready to speak and act effectively when the time comes? When the war is over, the Socialist and Labor Parties will begin to rebuild their international organizations, shattered so cruelly at present. But what is the Liberal Party to do?—Yours, &c.,

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD,

3, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

August 12th, 1914.

THE RIGHTS OF THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Against the vast majority of my countrymen, even at this moment, in the name of humanity and civilization, I protest against our share in the destruction of Germany.

A month ago, Europe was a peaceful comity of nations; if an Englishman killed a German, he was hanged. Now, if an Englishman kills a German, or if a German kills an Englishman, he is a patriot, who has deserved well of his country. We scan the newspapers with greedy eyes for news of slaughter, and rejoice when we read of innocent young men, blindly obedient to the word of command, mown down in thousands by the machine-guns of Liège. Those who saw the London crowds, during the nights leading up to the Declaration of War, saw a whole population, hitherto peaceable and humane, precipitated in a few days down the steep slope to primitive barbarism, letting loose, in a moment, the instincts of hatred and blood-lust against which the whole fabric of society has been raised. "Patriots" in all countries acclaim this brutal orgy as a noble determina-

tion to vindicate the right; reason and mercy are swept away in one great flood of hatred; dim abstractions of unimaginable wickedness—Germany to us and the French, Russia to the Germans—conceal the simple fact that the enemy are men, like ourselves, neither better nor worse—men who love their homes and the sunshine, and all the simple pleasures of common lives; men now mad with terror in the thought of their wives, their sisters, their children, exposed, with our help, to the tender mercies of the conquering Cossack.

And all this madness, all this rage, all this flaming death of our civilization and our hopes, has been brought about because a set of official gentlemen, living luxurious lives, mostly stupid, and all without imagination or heart, have chosen that it should occur rather than that anyone of them should suffer some infinitesimal rebuff to his country's pride. No literary tragedy can approach the futile horror of the White Paper. The diplomatists, seeing from the first the inevitable end, mostly wishing to avoid it, yet drifted from hour to hour of the swift crisis, restrained by punctilio from making or accepting the small concessions that might have saved the world, hurried on at last by blind fear to loose the armies for the work of mutual butchery.

And behind the diplomatists, dimly heard in the official documents, stand vast forces of national greed and national hatred—atavistic instincts, harmful to mankind at its present level, but transmitted from savage and half-animal ancestors, concentrated and directed by Governments and the Press, fostered by the upper class as a distraction from social discontent, artificially nourished by the sinister influence of the makers of armaments, encouraged by a whole foul literature of "glory," and by every text-book of history with which the minds of children are polluted.

England, no more than other nations which participate in this war, can be absolved either as regards its national passions or as regards its diplomacy.

For the past ten years, under the fostering care of the Government and a portion of the Press, a hatred of Germany has been cultivated and a fear of the German Navy. I do not suggest that Germany has been guiltless; I do not deny that the crimes of Germany have been greater than our own. But I do say that whatever defensive measures were necessary should have been taken in a spirit of calm foresight, not in a wholly needless turmoil of panic and suspicion. It is this deliberately created panic and suspicion that produced the public opinion by which our participation in the war has been rendered possible.

Our diplomacy, also, has not been guiltless. Secret arrangements, concealed from Parliament and even (at first) from almost all the Cabinet, created, in spite of reiterated denials, an obligation suddenly revealed when the war fever had reached the point which rendered public opinion tolerant of the discovery that the lives of many, and the livelihood of all, had been pledged by one man's irresponsible decisions. Yet, though France knew our obligations, Sir E. Grey refused, down to the last moment, to inform Germany of the conditions of our neutrality or of our intervention. On August 1st, he reports as follows a conversation with the German Ambassador (No. 123):—

"He asked me whether, if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgian neutrality, we would engage to remain neutral. I replied that I could not say that; our hands were still free, and we were considering what our attitude should be. All I could say was that our attitude would be determined largely by public opinion here, and that the neutrality of Belgium would appeal very strongly to public opinion here. I did not think that we could give a promise of neutrality on that condition alone. The Ambassador pressed me as to whether I could not formulate conditions on which we would remain neutral. He even suggested that the integrity of France and her colonies might be guaranteed. I said I felt obliged to refuse definitely any promise to remain neutral on similar terms, and I could only say that we must keep our hands free."

It thus appears that the neutrality of Belgium, the integrity of France and her colonies, and the naval defence of the northern and western coasts of France, were all mere pretexts. If Germany had agreed to our demands in all these respects, we should still not have promised neutrality.

I cannot resist the conclusion that the Government has failed in its duty to the nation by not revealing long-standing arrangements with the French, until, at the last moment,

it made them the basis of an appeal to honor; that it has failed in its duty to Europe by not declaring its attitude at the beginning of the crisis; and that it has failed in its duty to humanity by not informing Germany of conditions which would ensure its non-participation in a war which, whatever its outcome, must cause untold hardship and the loss of many thousands of our bravest and noblest citizens.—Yours, &c.,

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

August 12th, 1914.

[We print this eloquent statement of opinion, expressing elsewhere our disagreement with its argument. Mr. Russell must remember that Sir Edward Grey not only spoke of public opinion as a determining factor, but that in this interview he made an important tender to Prince Lichnowsky when he said, "If Germany could see her way to give the same assurance as that which had been given by France, it would materially contribute to relieve anxiety and tension here." Was that nothing?—ED., THE NATION.]

Poetry.

THE LINT.

(After the French of Sully Prudhomme, composed in 1870 during the siege of Paris by the Prussians.)

THERE is no star on the black night.

With downcast eyes and patient ken,
Joan strips and folds the bandage white
For wounded men.

Her lover's in the ranks. Poor heart!
To-day she watched his form grow dim,
And all her men-folk too depart
Along with him.

To her is borne by dark, by day,
The surly cannon's dreadful threat
Over the starving town that aye
Replies "Not yet!"

So hour by hour she smoothes the bale,
Still piling up the linden heap,
Till now she feels her fingers fail
And fall on sleep.

And while, her holy labor o'er,
She lies at last in sleep well-earned,
She feels the handle of her door
Is softly turned.

An unknown visitant is there,
A mild and frank-eyed maiden pale,
That hides her crown of golden hair
In grief's dark veil.

"The red cross on my sleeve is sewn,
Fear nothing then," she says. "The gray
Long road I trod, how I am known,
You'll know straightway.

"Margaret's my name. I've left behind
My Rhine-land home. And, fond and true,
I love a lad whose heart's unkind—
The same as you.

"Ah! by the burden of our woes,
Our hopes, our years that both accord,
We are sisters. Then leave hate to those
That wield the sword.

"And let us both strip lint to bind,
For blood is red in every limb,
And those that love have but one mind.
Come, weep for him."

Thus spake the fair young girl, bereft.
And swift with fervid fingers then
Joan drew the long thread from the weft
For wounded men.

WILFRID THORLEY.

Reviews.

THE BELGIANS.

"Belgium: Her Kings, Kingdom, and People." By JOHN DE COURCY MACDONNELL. (John Long. 15s. net.)

HISTORIANS of war and of social progress have described Belgium as "a land of aptitudes," of "supple" response to new conditions. To its people's prowess, their fierce spirit of independence, the greatest of the Romans bore his personal testimony nineteen and a-half centuries ago. The Belgians, in short, are a remarkable example of the persistence of race characteristics. Their military reputation has been, in a sense, eclipsed since 1830-32, when, inspired by the revolution that overthrew French Bourbonism, they made an end of their own Dutch despotism, broke away from the Kingdom of the Netherlands—in which they were incorporated after Waterloo—and began life on their own account as an independent constitutional monarchy of the modern type. But the eclipse—if that be the right word—is easily accounted for. Belgium, neutralized, was able to hold aloof from the wars of the latter half of the century. Her people—famed even in Roman times and in the Carolingian epoch, and during the brilliant rule of the Burgundian Dukes, for their industrious habits and their skill in all sorts of handicrafts—concentrated their energies upon agriculture, commerce, industry, and the organization of the working classes for mutual aid and advancement. They did it with an intelligence and a tenacity that eventually made their little country the most prosperous in the world. Among foreigners generally there was an impression that in arms Belgium did not "count." Only those among them who, like the author of this useful (though imperfect) book, used their eyes and ears in the country itself, or made a close study of Belgian departmental reports, understood how well the Belgian Army and fortresses were prepared for the shock of "Armageddon." The defence of Liège, at which the civilized world now stands amazed, recalls memories of the victory of the Flemish "weavers and fullers" over the chivalry of France at Courtrai in 1302. "Astounding" victory, Mr. MacDonnell calls it, unconsciously anticipating the adjective now universally applied to General Leman's exploit. In that period began the unifying process between the Flemish populations (Celtic and Teutonic by descent) which became fairly complete under the Burgundian Dukes, about the middle of the fifteenth century, to which date the rise of modern Belgium may conveniently be assigned. It is pleasant to reflect that Britain, notwithstanding her occasional desertions of, or conflicts with, the people of Flanders, stood by them in their struggles with their powerful French neighbors. Their nascent national feeling gathered strength from Britain's friendship. Ghent, Bruges, and, above all, Liège, became, as our author says, "centres of nationalism."

"In Liège, where the patricians made common cause with the ruling bishops only at the last extremity, the people were triumphant. The trades became masters of the Walloon city, and their council, in which all trades had equal votes, was the most democratic institution known in Belgium in the Middle Ages."

The solidarity between England and Flanders was, in the long run, unaffected by the fact that at the Courtrai fight (the birth of Flemish nationalism) "the weavers and fullers" had no help from Edward of England, who had made peace with the French King. The wool growers of England and the skilled manufacturers of Flanders—the most skilful in Europe—were bound together by a common interest, which was also the interest of peace, and the prosperity of London and Bruges advanced simultaneously. It was not from an undiluted philanthropy that England stood by a small people struggling to be free. There was money in the business. Motives of a more spiritual, more purely humane, more idealistic nature, were to be revealed in after time.

The invincible democratic spirit of the medieval period persists throughout the centuries. In fact, Belgian history is but a portion of the history of the struggle of the European populations towards freedom: the struggle with dynastic, with military, interests incarnated in feudal

barons, despotic kings, aristocratic castes for whose members warfare was (and in some quarters still is) the one career worthy of gentlemen.

The Belgian people had no quarrel with the French people, or the German people, or the Spanish, or the Dutch, but only with the autocratic rulers of these nations. Nor did the foreign Powers that, from the thirteenth century to the present day, would decree the fate of the Belgians show any particular regard for their opinions. That is the lesson with which the larger part of this volume is concerned. We see the Polignacs of the Bourbon Restoration, the cunning Citizen Kings and Talleyrands who succeeded them, the paltry Napoleons and Benedettis of a still later time, scheming for the partition of a brave but small—and by itself helpless—State, without as much as a thought for its people. The diplomatists, whose intrigues we follow in Mr. MacDonnell's somewhat dry summary, appear like thieves who, while professing the alleged "honor among thieves," are outwitting each other in their plans for sharing the booty they have not captured. The diplomatists who re-made the map of Europe in 1815 "raised their hands in horror" when the Belgians, in 1830, rebelled against their King, William I. of Holland. A wise king would have found it easy to weld the Belgian and Dutch provinces into a single solid State. It was not the Belgians who broke up "the buffer State," but the King, whose hostility to freedom of the press, trial by jury, and Ministerial responsibility reduced constitutional government to a farce. The constitution drawn up by the "rebels" was based on human right: it was a model constitution, democratic to the core. The citizens, whose work it was, worthy descendants of the medieval burghers, lovers of peace, showed in the strife of 1830-32 that they were more than a match for King William's Regulars. It is worth recalling the fact that before the July revolution, Charles X. intrigued for the annexation of Belgium by a bribe of the Dutch colonies to England. "An infamous proposal," an Asquith of the period would have said. Even after the proclamation of Belgium's independence and neutrality, Louis Philippe schemed for annexation; or, failing that, for the selection of his son, the Duc de Nemours, to the Belgian throne. The question who should be King of the Belgians set half the Courts of Europe chatting and plotting, and bargaining meanly about dynastic marriages, just as if the Belgian people—those sturdy citizens—were goods and chattels attached to the estate. The choice of Leopold I. to the kingly office was a wise one; though, for the rest, the "Nestor of Europe" was not quite (as our author himself admits) the miracle of wisdom which Court historians have described him. His temper was autocratic, just as King William's was; but there was this important difference—the Dutchman was nine-tenths a mischievous fool, whereas the Cobourger was gifted with a first-rate intelligence, and with a tact that enabled him to get on well with a people who loathed despots.

To Leopold II., endowed with a great intelligence and a singularly limited moral sense, our author accords full credit for his large share in the material progress of Belgium since his accession in 1865. In his discussion of the Congo question, Mr. MacDonnell, in our judgment, lets the King down much too easily. For the rest, his account of the King's character seems impartial and just. Napoleon III.'s designs on Belgium troubled the mind of Leopold from the time when he was Duke of Brabant until the War of 1870. The pigmy Cæsar's first act after the *coup d'état* was to draw up a Proclamation (speedily withdrawn) for the annexation of Belgium. The steady, though slow, development of the Belgian scheme of national defence aroused Cæsar's jealousy. He would have it stopped. One of Cæsar's plans was to annex Luxembourg. Said the faithful Benedetti: "Once at Luxembourg, we shall be on the road to Brussels. We shall arrive there more quickly in travelling that way." Another of Cæsar's "ideas" was to acquire a part of Belgian territory "in exchange" for Luxembourg—which was not his to give. But England barred the way, and Cæsar tried a variety of other dodges, whereat Carlyle's "magnanimous Herr von Bismarck" laughed. One of the last of them was a scheme for buying up certain Belgian railway lines, an acquisition which might have been useful to him in 1870.

Great though their services were to independent

Belgium, and sincere the national gratitude, neither Leopold I., nor his son, is entitled to the designation of "the people's King." Autocratic by temperament, they succeeded by adroit temporizing with the democratic idea. The first "people's King" of Belgium, acknowledged as such by a nation of democrats, is Leopold II.'s nephew, Albert I., who at this moment leads the Belgian Army in a war that heralds the birth of a new world, wherein the diplomatic shams and egoistic politics of the past must perish, and the people itself become the diplomatist, in and through its representative organism—the National Assembly. Before his accession in 1909, at the age of thirty-five, King Albert showed little or no sign of the multiform energy which he has since developed. He was (and is) pacific. He was absorbed in philanthropic schemes. He was a diligent student of sociological subjects. Working-class organization interested him profoundly; and the artisans of Belgium well knew it. Until his eighteenth year, he was treated by his unsympathetic uncle in the manner of a Turkish Sultan towards a destined successor. But from that date the future King set himself resolutely to repair a neglected education. Gradually "the weakling Prince," as some of his countrymen regarded him, revealed a strong character and the makings of a popular, efficient ruler. His ambition of fostering art and literature was as conspicuous as the indifference of the two Leopolds. But during the last three or four years, the question of national defence has mainly occupied the King's mind; and the law of 1909, raising the strength of the Army has had no more ardent supporter than Albert the First. Yet it cannot be too clearly realized that King Albert is a peace lover, representing in this respect his eight million subjects, whose progress in industry and commerce, art and literature, education, and social organization, is recorded in Mr. MacDonnell's pages.

AIRCRAFT IN WAR.

"Aircraft in War." By J. M. SPAIGHT, LL.D. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

ALL, except the youngest of us, can remember the time when the projectors of dirigible balloons were generally regarded as "cranks," and the man who talked of flying machines as possible contrivances aroused suspicion as to his sanity. But in the last ten years the "cranks" and the dreamers have had their revenge on the doubters. The conquest of the air has become a practical reality. Zeppelin in Germany, Santos Dumont in France, pioneered the dirigible, and seven years ago the Brazilian millionaire, after having shown what he could do with airships, won the prize for the first short flight of the aeroplane—a flight measured by yards. In January, 1908, Farman achieved fame by flying a kilometre; and the world began to hear of the work of the brothers Wright. Then in July, 1909, Blériot flew the Channel, and everyone realized that aerial navigation was destined to become before long a great factor in the world's life.

Six years ago the kilometre flight was a marvellous achievement. To-day the record for a long-distance flight stands at over a thousand miles. In the early days of the new art the flying man kept within 300 feet of the ground; he has now learned that he is safer at an elevation of over 3,000, and the heights attained in air-climbing are measured by miles. A dirigible has made a successful voyage of nearly a thousand miles at fifty miles an hour, and dirigibles have reached a height of over 9,000 feet. But the airship and the aeroplane, in all its varieties, have been, so far as their peaceful uses are concerned, the instrument of sport and amusement only. It is a depressing sidelight on our civilization that their widest practical use has been found in their application to war on land and sea, and it is to this fact that the rapid progress of invention and improvement is largely due. It was the hope of big orders from Governments that encouraged business men to find money for experiments, and to invest it in manufacturing plant; and the Governments themselves have expended considerable sums on research and experimental work, and still more on the formation and development of flying corps for armies and navies.

So far, our knowledge of what the aviator can do in war is based chiefly on results obtained under the conditions of peace manoeuvres. War experience has been scanty. A few aeroplanes were used by Italians in Tripoli, the French in Morocco, and the Bulgarians in the Balkan War, but in none of these wars had the airmen to fear either the attacks of opposing aircraft or the fire of guns specially mounted for action against them. It has been amply proved by extensive trials at manoeuvres and this limited war experience that the aeroplane has a high value as a means of reconnaissance and for the rapid transmission of intelligence and the observation of the effect of artillery fire. In its "seaplane" form it has been used as a naval scout, and, under favorable conditions, the flying observer can discover the position of submarines and mines below the surface. As to the further question of the possibility of using the hovering airship and the swift-flying aeroplane to bombard an enemy by dropping explosives upon him, we have to depend as yet mostly on peace experiments. But the chances are that before the present war has lasted much longer, we shall have to note the results of such attempts at aerial bombardment made in grim earnest.

The question of the law of nations in its bearing on this new form of bombardment is discussed very fully and clearly in Dr. Spaight's book on "Aircraft in War." The writer is already well known as an authority on the mass of traditional custom and written agreements that makes up what we call the "laws of war." His latest work has a topical interest for a wider circle of readers than that of international lawyers and publicists. He tells what the airship and the aeroplane have done; indicates the many questions that arise from their use in war—amongst others such problems as the right of "belligerent aircraft" to enter a "neutral atmosphere"; the question of the supply of aircraft to belligerents by neutrals; and that of the rights of the captured airman. But the most interesting discussion in the book is that upon the question of aerial bombardment, and especially the further question whether a hostile airman would be justified by the accepted law of war in bombarding London. That such a bombardment is possible is one of the points that differentiates the present war from all that preceded it. In the wars of the recent past the remoteness of our enemies, the absence of hostile naval power, or our complete command of the sea made the bombardment of even our coast towns and dockyards an impossibility. But with the coming of aircraft, capable of carrying a fairly large weight of explosive shells, and conveying them a thousand miles at high speed some thousands of feet above the earth, we have a condition of things in which a raid and bombardment from the air is a danger that might menace even the capital of an island Power holding the most absolute command of the sea.

What is the legal position as to aerial bombardment? The Hague Declaration of 1899 prohibited for five years the discharge of projectiles or explosives "from balloons or by other new methods of a similar nature." The matter was discussed again at the second Hague Peace Conference in 1907, when the airship had come and the aeroplane was coming. The Declaration then adopted is the law that now exists. Dr. Spaight thus explains how futile it is as a safeguard against the new danger:—

"The Russian delegation proposed to make the prohibition permanent, but to limit its application to *undefended* towns, &c. The proposal was accepted by the insertion of the words, 'by any means whatever,' in Article 25 of the *Réglement*; these words being understood by the Conference to have special reference to bombardment by aerial forces. . . . The practical effect of the Declaration is *nil*. Though it has been accepted by Great Britain, the United States, Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Greece, Norway, Holland, Portugal, Switzerland, and Turkey, it only binds those Powers in wars between themselves, not in a war with a non-signatory Power or in one in which a signatory Power is joined by a non-signatory; and among the non-signatory Powers are Germany, Denmark, Spain, France, Italy, Japan, Montenegro, Roumania, Russia, Serbia, and Sweden."

It follows therefore that in a war to which Germany and France are parties, the Declaration has no specially restrictive force on anyone. The generally accepted custom of war forbids wanton bombardment of open towns and cities, but a belligerent is free to bombard, not the city or

town as a whole, but those parts of it occupied by hostile troops or the buildings used for war stores, or as arsenals or factories of warlike material. If the peaceful inhabitants suffer, that is one of the incidental chances of war. Now, against those who have lately argued that London can claim immunity as a group of peaceful, "undefended" towns and cities, Dr. Spaight urges that a hostile belligerent might deny the validity of this claim, and point out that in and round London at all times there are arsenals, stores, magazines, and the like, covering wide extents of ground, and in the place itself troops are quartered, are being equipped and trained, or are on the move; and that therefore, by the law of war, the place is locally liable to bombardment by any available means. The hostile airman would not intend to destroy peaceful homes, or kill men going about their everyday work, but he would take the chance of doing this in an attempt to drop his bombs on Woolwich Arsenal or the Purfleet magazines. It is quite certain a German legist would argue in this way. It would seem therefore that, so far as the Hague Declaration and the general law of war go, London has no legal or treaty protection in this respect.

We may hope that when the nations meet after this hideous welter of war to bring back the days of peace, steps will be taken to abolish this latest horror of "scientific" warfare. Meanwhile, this much may be said to reassure the peaceful millions of London as to possible danger—the aeroplane carries so small an extra weight that it is unlikely it would be used for a bombardment of this kind, especially as aeroplane flying by night is a difficult and dangerous business. The airship is the night-bird of war, and could carry a fairly large supply of explosive projectiles, perhaps a ton. But airships are few, exceedingly vulnerable to hostile attack, and singularly liable to accident. The very nature of the explosives used, though it intensifies their destructive action, also limits their area. The chances therefore are that if an attack of this kind is made, it will either fail utterly, or if it succeeds, the damage and loss of life will not be great. The main object of the attack would be to produce panic; but in this it ought to fail. A few weeks ago a flash of lightning on a Sunday afternoon killed and injured a dozen people; yet we are not thrown into wild alarm by a summer storm. If one of the Kaiser's airships does succeed in gliding over London in the night and dropping some bombs, let us regard it as one of those exceptional accidents that, lamentable as they are, yet do not throw us into a state of anxious dread as to their recurrence. A hostile Zeppelin is dangerous, but only to a limited degree. An untrapped drain is dangerous, too, but there is nothing sensational about it. Civilization has nearly abolished the untrapped drain. It will abolish also the bomb-dropping aircraft. If our people show that even one of its murderous night raids cannot produce a panic, they will help to bring nearer the day when such murderous methods will disappear from the warfare of civilized men.

AN EDUCATIONAL IDEAL.

"In Defence of What Might Be." By EDMOND HOLMES.
(Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)

MR. HOLMES, as a prophet, has not been without honor. His first book is in its seventh edition. The criticisms on it have been so many and so important that he has written another book to deal with them. His services to education have clearly not ceased with his dramatic emancipation from the meshes of official routine and from the official gag. His most serious critics would appear to belong to three types—the experts in educational theory, the professional moralists, and those who may be called educational sceptics—the people who do not believe in education at all. The experts do not trouble him much. He has been accused of telling them what they knew before; they had long ago decided that the function of education was to foster growth. He retorts that what is a commonplace of the psychological laboratory may be unknown in the class-room; a professor's grasp of theory may be usefully supplemented by what an ex-inspector knows of practice; and the latter's efforts to be understood of the vulgar, may have their uses, even if his orthodoxy be

not unimpeachable, nor his terminology scientific. For, sad to relate, Mr. Holmes is not a whole-hearted Herbartian; he uses "faculty" and technical terms of that sort like any common man, and so affronts both the pundits who agree with him and those who do not. Still unabashed, however, he examines at length the rather confused theories of Herbart, and confesses himself unimpressed by the soul-building programme which that tutor of aristocratic youth puts before those who want at once to magnify the office, and to dictate the methods, of the teacher. Herbart makes teaching not an art, but a trade; hence his appeal to the practical man who regards the *corpora vilia* of education—the rising generation—much as a contractor or a laborer regards bricks and mortar. If Mr. Holmes must be pinned down to a trade, he would rather be a gardener than a brick-layer.

The moralists, backed by the heavy artillery of Canon Scott-Holland and Dr. Geraldine Hodgson's spirited but ill-disciplined light horse, are chiefly concerned to rehabilitate drudgery—what Canon Scott-Holland calls "grim relentless grind"—as against what Dr. Hodgson has dubbed "The Primrose Path." If children are not made to do what they hate, without understanding it, the Empire will go to the dogs. The boy who confessed that, though he knew Euclid was a man and Algebra a woman, he had never discovered what Latin was, had obviously had a severe course of discipline; it will not be his schoolmaster's fault if he does not show through life the characteristics of the bull-dog breed. Mr. Holmes remains, however, impenitent. He insists on the contrast between work and drudgery—the one educational because it is done with understanding and brings its own reward; the other corrupting, first, because it is mechanical; and, secondly, because it can only be got through in response to such low motives as fear, greed, or vanity. The wild boar, Mr. Holmes has been told, is one of the bravest and most intelligent of animals. Man has transformed him into the domestic pig. Is our great new system of education to give us a race of docile dullards from whom the freedom of the streets and the blackguardism and roughness of the old type of school once availed to preserve us? It is easier to stand up against a school bully than it is to resist the grinding of the upper and the nether millstones of routine and examinations, which slowly transform the bright lad from the preparatory school, who wins a scholarship at thirteen, into the Civil Servant, who retires on a pension at sixty.

Neither the pedants nor the disciplinarians have succeeded in depriving Mr. Holmes of his vision of "what might be." But it is against the sceptic that he is most concerned to defend it. Like most prophets, he is something of a pessimist. In a chapter headed "The Valley of the Shadow of Death" he traces the steady disintegration of social ties which has gone on since the day when the members of the tribe faced death cheerfully, and without a thought of self, for the sake of the chief who personified their unity. From an over-accentuation of the claims of society we have passed through industrial, religious, and political revolutions to an individualism which is just as extreme and far more dangerous. The old loyalties are shattered, and we are faced with a world which is seething with the ingredients of revolution. "In the nature of men," says Hobbes, "we find three principal causes of quarrels—first, competition; secondly, diffidence; thirdly, glory." If he is right in his psychology, then he is right, too, in his deduction that the only alternative to disruption is despotism. But if, as William Law insisted, it is not by nature but by education that men are made envious, distrustful, and proud, then, the ideal of the Socialist can only begin to be realized when he has tackled the problem of the schools. "If I cannot see what we are to do to be saved, I can see that there is one thing which we can cease to do. We can cease to poison the social soil. In other words, we can begin to reform education."

Mr. Holmes has the faith that moves mountains. And, with the eye of faith, some of his readers may look forward to the day when education will provide such an environment as he desires—an environment which will assist instead of retarding that continued evolution of human nature without which those who believe in progress are of all men most miserable. To create that environment will need more than the mere abandonment of stupid tyranny and smug hypocrisy.

As Professor Culverwell points out, in the only adequate critique of the "Montessori system" which has yet appeared, the freedom of the Montessori School is freedom conditioned by a very definite and powerful atmosphere, one element in which is the personality of Mme. Montessori herself. To foster growth is a far more difficult thing than to apply to the mind and bodies of the young the dogma of original sin. A good drill-sergeant can turn out, with the help of his adjutant, a perennial supply of efficient soldiers to be discharged at the end of their time with the highest characters and excellent chances of becoming commissioners. But when we try to think of real education, we are brought back to the distinction between a trade and an art, and the ultimate problem of education seems to be to secure a supply of artists sufficiently powerful and combative to prevent the degradation of their technique into the tricks of a trade.

More than once, as we know, the law of "what is" has been overcome by the gospel of "what might be" only to come back to its own as the authoritative version of "what was."

GREECE OF YESTERDAY.

"Greece of the Hellenes." By LUCY M. J. GARNETT. (Pitman. 6s. net.)

MISS GARNETT is well known as an authority upon Turkish life, and she is deeply read in Greek popular poetry; but the present volume is a piece of book-making which cannot be regarded as an accurate sketch of Greece as it exists to-day. She appears to have taken a considerable part of her information (without a single word of acknowledgment) from an English work on Greece, published some nine years ago, and (with few exceptions) she has not brought this information up to date. Thus, her map is of merely historic interest, for it represents Greece as it was before the first Balkan War. In her pages on the press she tells us that the (long-defunct) "Asty" is "edited by M. Anninos," who now devotes himself to his admirable caricatures; and that the "Néon Asty" is "edited by M. Kaklamános," who for years past has ceased to be a journalist, and, since he quitted the editorial chair, has served his country at the Foreign Office, at Paris, and as *chargé d'affaires* in Rome during the acute crisis of the Balkan Wars down to last Christmas. She regards M. Koromélās as still "Minister for Foreign Affairs" (he is now Greek Minister in Rome), M. Merkoúres as still "Mayor of Athens," Admiral Tufnell as still in charge of the British Naval Mission, the "Néa" (or, as she calls it, "Néon") "Heméra" as still "published at Trieste" (it was moved to Athens in 1912), and the Constitution of 1864 as still the primary basis of the Hellenic Government, which it was before the Constitution of 1911. People who have been dead for some years, such as the late M. Meliárakes, the historian of the Nicene Empire, are referred to as still alive, and in the account of Mount Athos no allusion is made to the Fifth Article of the Treaty of London. Thus it will be seen that, however interesting historically, Miss Garnett's book does not give us a correct account of "New Greece." It is, indeed, too early for anyone to essay such a task. When the Italians have evacuated the thirteen occupied islands, when the question of Northern Epirus has been settled, when the new portions of the greatly enlarged and regenerated Hellenic Kingdom have received their definite administrative machinery, then it will be time for someone to show us what the Greece of the new dispensation is. Meanwhile, this book lags far behind Mr. Duckett Ferryman's "Home Life in Hellas," Mr. Percy F. Martin's "Greece of the Twentieth Century," and Mrs. Bosanquet's "Days in Attica."

Miss Garnett has, however, brought her chapter on the monarchy up to date. She rightly emphasizes the immense enthusiasm aroused for King Constantine by his victories over Turks and Bulgarians, and by the tragic circumstances of his accession. She gives us a portrait of the present Crown Prince, but does not say anything about his characteristic and highly interesting tour—ably described in a recent French publication, "La Malheureuse Epire"—through that portion of Epirus which is now so prominently before the public. In her chapter on

"Urban and Social Life," some allusion might have been made to the diminution of the dust at Athens, in consequence of the asphaltting of the principal streets, and to the successes of Greek athletes at the Olympic Games of 1906. Of M. Venizélos we have an account; but it was unnecessary to give him throughout two accents, perhaps by way of accentuating his importance. English readers in particular would have liked to have had some description of the splendid work performed by Princess Alice during the Balkan Wars. Where the author is at her best is in the three chapters on "Festal Life," "Classic Survivals," and "Family Ceremonies," where her knowledge of folklore has stood her in good stead.

A certain number of misprints, such as "Kopf" for the well-known historian of Frankish Greece, Hopf, have escaped notice. The illustrations, with some exceptions, are rather conventional. We can only imagine, in conclusion, that the publisher had this book on the stocks before the first Balkan War, and that then the author was hastily requested to put in a few contemporary allusions.

"SECONDS."

"Fair Haven and Foul Strand." By AUGUST STRINDBERG. (Laurie. 6s.)

"Tales of Two Countries." By MAXIM GORKY. (Laurie. 6s.)

FROM this book we guarantee to make some quotations which will set everyone who sees them to laughing, and each of these shall be a passage of serious intention, which calls upon the reader for sympathy with Man undone by Marriage, and Woman by—Herself.

A young couple are on their honeymoon; they have married for love. Already they have been aware of a "feeling of restraint and being on one's guard, which was exhausting"; but as the husband "loved his wife, he wished to be agreeable, and therefore learned to be silent." The result was that he "began to feel himself attenuated and exhausted"; and this sense reached its climax on an evening when, at table d'hôte, "the young wife was seized with a sudden desire to praise her sister, a hateful coquette." The husband listened, disagreed, but

"took refuge in the kind of silence which is more eloquent than plain words. This silence was accompanied by a gnawing of the lips and a violent perspiration. . . . The breaths which were not used in forming words, he emitted through his nose. Simultaneously, the pores of his skin opened as so many safety-valves for his suppressed emotions, and it became really unpleasant to have him at the table."

"His wife did not conceal her annoyance, for she feared no revenge. She made an ugly gesture, which always ill becomes a woman; she held her nose with both fingers, looking around to those present as if to ask whether she was not right. The husband became pale, rose, and went out."

Is there indeed a land where table d'hôte beholds such incidents? It is difficult to believe it; for though from other Scandinavian authors we get an impression of odd social standards, nothing quite like this has hitherto offered itself for credence. It is the ancient fallacy of Realism: "Only be revolting enough, and you must be 'true'"; while the fact is that things like this are the precise contrary of truth in art. Even if they could be imagined as happening, nay, even were they *seen* happening, they still would not, in that sense, be true. *Ces choses-là ne se font pas*. Can anyone read that passage and retain his gravity? Strindberg, however, is inviting not laughter, but sympathy. "What a coarse woman she is!" thinks the husband when alone, he has "unbuttoned his waistcoat," and can breathe freely. What a coarse woman indeed—but what a very coarse-skinned man!

The young pair make it up, and soon afterwards return home. All goes well for a week; but "on the ninth day she wanted to go out." This desire of the wife is, in the books of Marriage-Ironists, invariably the beginning of the end. And so it proves here. They go to see "an operetta"; but, reaching the theatre, find that no seats are to be had.

"That pleases you?" she broke out. He wished to deny it, but could not, for it was true. On the way home he felt as though he were dragging a corpse with him, and that a hostile one."

A sufficiently unique experience; but the hostile corpse soon turns into a weeping woman: "You put out the light around me; you stifle me with your severity." He repents awhile, but soon finds the higher standpoint:—

"She draws me down to the mire; she has drawn me down the whole time." . . . He began to work his way out of this Slough of Despond, and found himself on the side where the fault was not."

So naïve a phrase has almost won our sympathy, when laughter came full tide again with the description of a despairing attempt at a party, where "the husband's friends, who were gentlemen, behaved to her . . . with all the courtesy which they felt was due to a young woman." At last she elopes with a baron. He finds her awaiting him in a railway-carriage which has filled since she got in. "Rage distorted his face, and when he tried to give her a secret and loving smile, he only showed his back teeth, which she had never seen before." But she was to see them again. He yawns, and the yawn "splits his face like a red apple to the uvula, where some dark molars resembled the core of it." He then went to sleep and snored; began to perspire again, "and smelt of vinegar. Besides that, he always had a stable-smell about him." Truly, the gentlemen of Norway seem to display a certain monotony. . . . The eloping lovers part, after he has given her a box on the ear.

The tale is supposed to be told by a quarantine doctor to his friend the postmaster, and when it is ended, this hearer strikes the one note of genuine humor which relieves the symphony of smells. "One generally says 'Thanks,'" he remarks; but definitely implies by his further comment that he does not feel drawn to follow that custom.

It will have been noticed that the anonymous translator is not without his share in the general effect of absurdity. Perhaps his most exquisite contribution is this: "She had put on a dress of an extremely showy cut and of the color called 'lamp-shade.'"

Turning to the "Tales of Two Countries" of Maxim Gorky, issued in a uniform edition by the same publisher, we feel, as often before, that the Russian mind is the aristocrat of fiction. Gorky is distinctly a writer of the second line; but, like so many others of his nation, he is "born"; the term *second-rate* cannot be applied to him. He, too, is a realist, but with that curious power of uplifting even the ugliest themes which may almost be called the mark of Russian realists, for no others have it in anything like the same degree. We need only read the terrible and pathetic little tale called "The Freak" to measure this. An Italian peasant mother, who is a widow, produces a monstrous and detestable abortion, which lives for many years. "The women cried when they beheld him; men frowned, expressed loathing, and went gloomily away; the freak's mother sat on the ground, now bowing her head, now raising it and looking at the others, as if silently inquiring about something which no one could grasp." The freak's one characteristic was an enormous appetite: "he devoured the fruits of her toil, her blood, her life"; her neighbors counselled her to "put him on the square near the old church; foreigners pass there; they will be sure to throw him a few coppers." "But the mother shuddered, saying, 'It would be terrible if he were seen by people from other countries—what would they think of us?'" Nevertheless he is so seen, and she overhears a comment: "Italy is the first of the Latin races to degenerate." It eats into her heart; she feels that she has betrayed her nation, that the Madonna is angry with her: "I don't know what I am guilty of, but I have been cruelly punished." . . . The next day her son dies in convulsions from over-eating.

"She sat in the yard near the box, her hand on the head of her dead son; still seeming to be calmly waiting, questioning. She looked questioningly into the eyes of everyone. . . . For some time after this, she continued to gaze long into people's faces . . . then she became as ordinary as everyone else."

"Man and the Simplon" tells of a party of laborers in the great tunnel who meet at last the party working from the other side. The narrator's father, dying, had asked him to come to his grave and tell him it was done:—

"And when the last wall finally crumbled away, and in the opening appeared the red light of a torch, and somebody's dark face covered with tears of joy, and then another face, and more torches and more faces. . . . Oh, it was the best day of my life, and when I think of it, I feel that I have not lived in vain. Yes; we kissed the conquered mountain, we kissed the earth—that day the earth was specially near and dear to me, Signor. . . . Of course, I went to my father. Of course—although I don't know that the dead can hear—but I went . . . knocked with my foot against the ground, and said, as he wished, 'Father, it is done,' I said."

Many of the tales are slight, and some are a little facile despite their grace and feeling; but the best display that simplicity and directness of emotion and that vision of the things behind the things which remove Gorky, writer of the second line though he is, from the company of the second-rate.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"England Invaded." By EDWARD FOORD and GORDON HOME. (Black. 6s. net.)

THE object of this book is to reconstruct pictorially, by the aid of contemporary documents as far as possible, the circumstances of the various forays, plunderings, and invasions that have been made upon Britain between Cæsar's successful reconnaissance in 55 B.C. and Napoleon's more ambitious, but sketchy and abortive, scheme in 1804. Such an historical method is bound to be rather unsatisfactory, because its effects are necessarily discontinuous and episodic; but, so far as it goes, the author's task has been achieved with an impartial accuracy and a vivid power of presentation. The facts are skilfully marshalled and dovetailed; they are well supplemented by lucid maps, and the balance and judgment of the military survey exceptional for books of this transitory character. The most interesting chapters are those dealing with the Roman occupation and the Armada. The picture of the desolation of Britain caused by the greed of Imperial usury and unscrupulous capitalism is admirably conveyed. We are too accustomed to the other side of the canvas. With regard to the Armada, the authors are inclined to think that the fighting capacity of the Spanish fleet has been over-estimated. The equipment, seamanship, gunnery, and personnel of the English vessels were in every way superior. Whether Napoleon's project was serious or no is not debated. It is characterized as "a gambler's throw," the more hazardous from his ignorance of naval matters. But there is no actual evidence to show that it was not simply a blind.

* * *
"Peeps into Picardy." By W. D. CRAWFORD and E. and E. A. MANTON. (Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d. net.)

PICARDY has its full share of historical associations, and the authors of this volume have compiled a useful supplement to the ordinary guide-book. They explain that many years' residence and great love of the province have inspired their work. The reader who wishes to know something of the past of Calais and Boulogne, of Abbeville and Amiens, not to mention a dozen other places in Picardy, will find enough in this book to send them to more authoritative, if duller, sources of information. Its only fault is that in the desire to leave out nothing, the authors have included perfunctory references to such places as Hardelot, Long-le-Catelet, and Coulogne.

* * *
"My Varied Life." By F. C. PHILIPS. (Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)

As soldier, barrister, novelist, theatrical manager and producer, and journalist, Mr. Philips has certainly led a varied life, and he writes agreeably about its incidents in the present volume. These, it is true, are not so exciting to the reader as they have been to the writer. He tells us of his experiences in garrison towns in Ireland, of encounters with money-lenders, of how he made £37,000 while he was lessee of the Globe Theatre—of how he once walked down the Strand with the Tsar, of his meetings with Gounod, Guy de Maupassant, and other famous persons on the Continent, and he retails a number of legal anecdotes. It all makes a fairly interesting miscellany of the sort that is now popular.

The Week in the City.

THE City is still half-stunned and half-paralysed by the declaration of war. In spite of the Dreadnought panic and the Morocco crisis, few business men had ever thought of acting as if a war with Germany were within the range of probability. The City was full of German or half-German firms. Three German banks had an enormous business in London—so large that the Government, in neglecting the English laws of war (which are very severe against private property), have been compelled to allow these banks license to trade until they have wound up their positions. The two principal troubles are, first, the existence of great quantities of bills of exchange which cannot be paid when they fall due, and some of which will never be paid at all; and, secondly, the existence of enormous quantities of unsaleable securities, many of which have been formed with the banks as security for loans at prices far higher than any conceivable in the present or immediate future. No complete remedy can be found for either of these two evils. The most we can expect is that the banks should resume their credit operations gradually on a restricted scale, and, secondly, that the Stock Exchange should also gradually reopen, under many new rules and restrictions. The scheme which the leading bankers have induced the Government to accept is really a scheme for mobilising the assets of the banks.

To achieve this, the Government is to guarantee the Bank of England against loss in discounting bills which it otherwise could not venture to do. This really means that credit is to be set in motion again now, and that the cost of doing it is to be added to the public debt. Even if the price were a very stiff one, the immediate gain can hardly be over-estimated. The trade of the country must be kept going as far as possible—I mean that portion of the trade which is not definitely lost so long as war continues. Meanwhile, the exchange business of London is at an end, but it is hoped that before long communications with New York, at all events, will be re-established. As to the Stock Exchange, the members seem to be in a sort of despair. They are stunned with the blow, and they do not see how the great institution on which they depend for their daily bread, can be brought back to life. I believe that every Stock Exchange in Europe and in the United States is closed, and in the great majority of countries some sort of a moratorium, which relieves the people of the necessity of paying their debts, is in existence.

THE CLOSING OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

On Saturday morning, August 1st—so one reads in the "New York Journal of Commerce"—the governors of the Stock Exchange decided very reluctantly, ten minutes before the usual hour of opening to close the Exchange indefinitely. There had been a conference of bankers at the office of J. P. Morgan & Co. on Thursday evening, and in addition a number of other conferences had been held at various up-town clubs and other places. The attitude of bankers, we are told, was quite confident, and there was a disposition to advise the continuance of the dangerous condition that has been current during the last three days at least of New York being the only market in the world where the world could sell securities. The chief impulse for the final decision to suspend business came from the foreign banking houses. It was found that the morning's cables contained selling orders that would probably have swamped everything in sight, and would have literally smashed quotations of leading stocks to entirely nominal figures. There were, furthermore, very heavy foreign offerings of bonds.

THE POSTPONEMENT OF DIVIDENDS.

There is a great deal of apprehension in the mind of the small investor regarding the receipt of the dividends he has become accustomed to look for at this time of year. Many companies, from gold mines to railways, have announced their intention of postponing dividends, and it is clear that anything like a general adoption of this policy would leave those dependent on "unearned" income, destitute of means. In some cases, like mining and rubber companies, where, under normal conditions, it has been difficult to secure financial accommodation lately, the withholding of dividends may be fully justified, because the conserving of resources to the utmost may offer the only possible hope of saving them from reconstruction or winding-up. The non-receipt of dividends on such investments, too, should not cause much hardship, because the holder of them, will not, as a rule, have more than a small proportion of his capital in them. The dividends whose non-payment will cause real hardship are those on investment stocks, and the great offenders in this matter are the Scottish railways. No doubt, their attitude arises from an excess of caution and a certain amount of shortsightedness on the part of their directors. When the question is put to them in all its aspects, they will probably alter their decision. For the information of trustees, it may be worth while pointing out that the moratorium gives no power for the withholding of dividends on any Trustee stock.

CANADIAN PACIFIC EARNINGS.

The cabled results of the Canadian Pacific's financial year, which are always made known a little while before the full annual report is available, have been received over here. The gross earnings from railway and steamship lines were \$129,814,824 and working expenses \$87,388,896, leaving net earnings from railway and steamship lines \$42,425,928. Fixed charges were \$10,227,311, and, after deducting the pension fund contribution and the earnings transferred to special income account, there was a balance of \$29,957,774 available for dividends. Last year the gross earnings amounted to \$139,395,700, working expenses to \$93,149,826, and fixed charges to \$10,876,352, with resulting net earnings of \$35,490,085 available for dividends. There is therefore a big reduction in the surplus available for dividends this year; but this was not unexpected, as the monthly traffic statements have been showing very heavy declines in receipts, and the final result is better than many people had hoped. After payment of all dividends declared for the year (including 10 per cent. upon the common stock), the surplus from railway earnings for the year just closed was \$9,698,254, and the special income for the year was \$8,587,870. The surplus over and above the 10 per cent. dividend was therefore just over \$18,000,000, equivalent to another 9 per cent. upon the common stock. These results should be satisfactory to any Canadian Pacific shareholders who may have become apprehensive regarding the fall in their stock before the world's Stock Exchanges shut down on account of the war. Before the European War started, opinions were freely hazarded that Canada was about to see a set-back through inability to secure capital from Europe. The war will not make it easier for Canada to secure capital, but it must level matters up to some extent. London will suffer very much through the blow to her credit, and British securities will feel the effect, so that, though Canada may have a set-back, it does not follow that investors in Canadian securities will be worse off than those who hold British securities.

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